THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1629.

Choice Poetry.

DO RIGHT.

Awake, oh soul! thy hours are fleeting
Thy life is rapidly completing
Time with eternity is meeting
Soon comes the night;
Thy retribution, too, will come,
According to thy deeds thy doom—
Do right, do right!

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread
And tempests burst around thy head;
Though life its greenest foliage shed
In sorrow's blight;
And though thy holy hopes and fears
Lie buried 'neath the gathering years,
Do right, do right!

The warring elements' worst wrath
The earthquake and the whirlwind's breath
The valley and the shade of death
Need not affright;
For Duty's calm, commanding form
With rainbow arms shall clasp the storm—
Do right, do right!

Faint not in all the weary strife;
Though every day with toil be rife,
Work is the element of life.
Action is light;
For man is made to toil and strive
And only those who labor live;
Do right, do right!

Life is not all a fleeting dream,
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam
A bubble on the floating stream
Soon lost to sight;
For there's a work for every hour
In every passing word a power—
Do right, do right!

Oh! life is full of solemn thought
And noble deeds, if nobly wrought;
With fearful consequences fraught;
And there is might,
If gathered in each passing hour,
That gives the soul unearthly power;
Do right, do right!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CATASTROPHE.

To die mid flame and smoke!
—*Halleck.*

Heaven knows that it is now difficult enough for a poor woman to make a living. But in the days when Zuleime lived and suffered, it was even more so. It was especially hard in Virginia, where, owing to the prevalence of the law of entail, the rich were very rich, and the poor very poor. Where, besides, ladies took pride in their domestic and industrious habits, the favorite and most inveterate of which was that of doing their own sewing, forgetful of the poor widow and orphan, who might be suffering for the want of the work. It was for such reasons that Zuleime found little or no employment—at most of the houses where she applied she was told that—"We never give out needle-work," or that, "The ladies of the house do all the family sewing." All very well, in moderation. Industry is a praiseworthy habit, when it does not compromise justice and mercy—when it does not hinder us to "live and let live." Let us be diligent in our several callings; but for Heaven's sake, if we can possibly afford it, let us never refuse to give work to those who need, or who ask it of us. They may be suffering for it, they may be starving for it, they may be dying for it, as Zuleime was. They may be driven to vice, to crime, for the want of it, as Zuleime was not, thank Heaven. Reader, this portion of my story at least is no fiction. Nor was Zuleime's case *then* a solitary one. Nor would it be such *now*. There are many poor women, in every city, who have not work enough to earn their necessary food and fuel. And this is one of the causes:—There are hundreds of ladies, of the middle classes of society, who work themselves nearly to death, and really shorten their lives, by sewing for their large families, in order to save money to lay out in dress for themselves and children, more genteel than needful; or in furniture, which they do not live very long to enjoy. And all this time there are hundreds of poor women around them suffering for a part of this very work with which *they* are killing themselves. Yes, hundreds who die annually of innutrition—a slow, cruelly slow starvation, prolonged from month to month, or from year to year, according to their relative strength of constitution. I know it. For I have lived among them, and seen for myself, and not another. The doctors call the want, of which they die, consumption—I think it is rather *non*-consumption. Zuleime sank deeper and deeper into penury. As Autumn advanced into Winter, and as her necessities increased, her ability to supply them decreased. Her poverty began to betray itself sadly in her personal appearance. Her face was thin and wan, with great, bright, hungry looking eyes—her hands wasted to semi-transparency. Her only gown, her black bombazine, was rusty and threadbare, and embossed with darns—her shoes were so bad as to look scarcely decent. And amid all her other troubles, there was room for humiliated feelings upon even this account. The present was wretched—the future hopeless. She had heard of people perishing from cold and hunger, and to such an end she thought her life seemed tending. Yet miserable as was the condition of Zuleime, there were many then, are many now, in much worse situations. She at least was starving in a tolerably clean room, in privacy and in peace. Far happier than some who perish in the midst of vice and filth and squalor. Yes, reader, there are such things; they *do* exist in my neighborhood, and yours, and it is just as well that they should sometimes be remembered. Zuleime was dying of want. And did the people of the house know nothing of this? Yes, they knew something of it, and her German landlord trembled for his rent, his wife wished that they had never seen the poor thing, and the two girls pitied her very deeply. And Mrs. Knight saw it all, and suffered in sympathy, and gave the poor, dying girl all the work she had to give, and paid her for doing it as liberally as she could afford. But Mrs. Knight was not able, from her scanty salary, to keep up her expensive, professional wardrobe, and support two families besides. The greater part of the money Zuleime made, by sewing for the poor actress, was paid for rent, to keep the roof over her head that bitter weather, and to supply the daily two-pence worth of milk for the child. If a few pence were left over, they were spent in cheap pilot bread, sparingly eaten by herself. For weeks together she had no fire, no fuel, but would manage to keep her child warm by seating her in the middle of the bed, well wrapped up. By the side of the head of the bedstead, and looking to the South, was the only back window of her room. When she had work, she would sit by this window and sew, while her child sat wrapped up in the bed. When she had no work, she would still sit there and rock her child upon her bosom, singing to her all the while. Unearthly and spiritual was the wan, moonlight face, with its large, luminous eyes—unearthly and spiritual was the voice in which she sang her child to rest, as she sat by the South window. She found room in her burdened heart to love that sunny window, with its glimpses of a river landscape, with waterfalls and hills and forests, and nearer, lying between her and the water, the pleasure-grounds around a fair mansion of white freestone, that fronted on the river. That fine place took in nearly a whole square, and was separated from this poor house and lot, first, by a broad, back alley, then a tall brick wall, with capacious stables and coach-houses, then the garden, with terraces and conservatory, and so up to the venitian back piazza of the mansion. Every day, and all day long through the glowing, Autumn weather, she had sat and feasted her eyes and mind upon those pleasure-grounds, with their gorgeous flowers and magnificent trees, and the palace-home in the midst, a picture of beauty and glory, telling besides of plenty, elegance, refinement, leisure, artistic taste, intellectual pursuits, family union, domestic happiness. Many a time, when going out to look for work, she had walked quite around the square to get in front of the mansion, and satisfy her soul with the architectural beauty and elegance of the edifice, as it stood elevated by a flight of terraces far above the street, and commanding for many miles the mighty course of the river. Often in the Autumn weather, had she walked under this Southern wall, and even in the midst of her deep distresses, looked up in childish longing at the splendid autumnal flowers, trailing luxuriantly over the iron railing. Why did this place interest her so? Not because it was a palace-home, in such strong contrast to her own poor dwelling—not because she passed it almost every day—not because its magnificent grounds were ever before her sight from her own poor room. Ah, no! But because there was a rural character, and a fine, old, ancestral look about the place, that reminded her of her dear, lost home. Everything connected with the premises interested her, even that capacious family carriage, with its round bodied, gray coach horses, and its fat coachman, which appeared every afternoon at a certain hour to take the family out to drive. She did not care to inquire who lived there. One day, when walking in front of the house on the other street, she had seen a lady in deep mourning come out and get in the carriage. She had time to see that the lady appeared bowed in grief, but possessed so sweet and benevolent a face, that she was encouraged to call and ask for work. So the next day she entered the beautiful grounds, and ascended the stone steps, that led flight by flight up the rising terraces, until she reached the Grecian portico and rang the bell. The door was opened by a man servant, to whom she communicated her business. He called a waiting-woman, who came, and after hearing what the visitor wanted, explained civilly enough that all their needle-work was done by a young person, who lived companion to her mistress, who was too infirm to see strangers. Zuleime never tried there again. But the sweet, sorrowful face of the lady haunted her, and she gazed from her poor window upon the magnificent pleasure-grounds with more of interest than ever.

Truly the world *is* "full of paper walls."—How little Zuleime surmised that the mourner in the palace sorrowed over the very same bereavement that had laid her own life waste—that the fair-haired, tender-eyed lady whose grief-worn countenance haunted her so, was the mother of her lost Frank; that the proud mansion house, in the midst of its pleasure-grounds, was the rightful inheritance of the poor babe that rested on her wasted bosom.

How little did the childless and desolate recluse of the palace guess that her lost son's widow sat pining, starving so near her! The world is full of paper walls, but fate makes them firmer, stronger, more indestructible than adamant.

Upon that very same December night that found Mrs. Clifton and Catherine rejoicing over the good news they had heard from their friends, upon that very night Zuleime sat shivering in her room, without fire, food or light. She had given her child its cup of milk, and thanked Heaven that she had it to give, though she herself went hungry. And she had wrapped the babe in her shawl, and sat by the window, singing and rocking her to sleep. The room was intensely cold, she was chilled to the heart, her feet were numb, and almost lifeless. The only warmth in her body seemed to be the bosom at which the child was pressed. The snow was falling fast without, but even through its flakes she saw the lighted windows of the mansion-house glowing through the crimson curtains, and streaming redly across the snow-clad ground. And she sat and thought of the comforts within that parlor. While she sat there thinking, there came a gentle knock at her door.

"Who is there?" inquired Zuleime.

"It is I, Mrs. Fairfax," replied the voice of the actress.

"Come in, Mrs. Knight."

The actress entered, saying, with a little pardonable tact,

"Oh, you are putting your child to sleep in the dark. It is singular some little ones never will go to sleep where there is a light burning. *Is* she asleep?"

"Yes," replied Zuleime.

"Then please put her in bed, my dear, and come down stairs with me. I have something to talk to you about."

Zuleime laid her little girl in bed, and tottering with weakness, from her long fast and the cold, accompanied the actress down stairs.

Mrs. Knight opened her own room, and revealed a warm coal-fire burning in the grate, and a little supper-table set out, with coffee, French rolls, nice butter, and stewed oysters. She set the cushioned rocking-chair for Zuleime, between the fire and the table, and pushed her gently into the seat, saying—

"I have holiday to-night, and for a week from to-night, because the opera troupe are here. And so I thought I would just celebrate its commencement by a supper and a ball for two!" And she placed before her visitor a plate of oysters and a cup of coffee. When the little supper was fairly commenced, Mrs. Knight said, "I did not send for you, only to take coffee with me—I wished to speak to you on a matter of business. I have been wishing some time to do so, but scarcely knew how to do it without wounding or offending you." She paused.

"Ah! are you so considerate? Yet you need not fear—I know *you* could not think of anything to say which would—would hurt me."

"At least, I only mean your good, and if I err, you will forgive me."

"Gentle friend! I am used to all the hardness and vulgarity against which a woman has to break her heart and spirit, in struggling through the rough world. Now think of that. And think whether I can be hurt by anything your kind heart impels you to say. No, I shall be very grateful!"

"Well, this is it, then, my dear. I have not been able to avoid seeing your fruitless efforts to maintain yourself and child, for the last three months. I fear you have scarcely made five shillings a week."

"I have not made that for the last month."

"And there seems to be no chance of doing better—with your needle, I mean."

"Ah, no, no."

"And your situation is getting worse every day. Poor child! your very shoes are almost gone—there—forgive me—I have spoken rudely."

"No, no—you have spoken the truth in love. Any truth can be told in the spirit of love."

"And you are wasting away—you will be thrown upon your sick bed—then what will become of your child?"

"Alas, God knows! If we both could die—"

"Yes, if you both *could*. Death is no evil at all." As the actress said this, her hollow, shadowy face grew dark, and her large, luminous eyes glanced aside, and fell upon the floor—fixed in an intense, suffering, almost querulous gaze—as if of one enduring pain. "It must come abruptly at last," she said, looking up, suddenly. "My dear, have you any insurmountable prejudices against a theatrical life for yourself?"

Startled by the abruptness of the proposition, Zuleime raised her eyes to the beautiful, dark, irritated countenance before her, without replying.

"You don't understand me. Well, then, to put it plainer—If nothing better at all could be found for you, would you absolutely refuse to go upon the stage?"

Zuleime had understood her very well, and if she still hesitated, it was from a reluctance to wound the spirit of the actress.

"Do you, then, consider the histrionic profession disreputable?" asked Mrs. Knight, with the same suffering, querulous, almost cross expression of the eyes.

"No," said Zuleime, very gently, "I do not. Not the profession that Mrs. Siddons ennobled. I think it truly

'The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauties blend.'"

"Well, then, my question—Would you object to going on the stage yourself?"

"I am not fit for it," replied Zuleime, evasively.

"I do not know that. I need not tell you that you are young and pretty, and singularly graceful—nor that you have a very fine voice for singing—these form a very good foundation. And in elocution, my dear, I would myself become your instructress. What say you?"

"That you are kinder to me than any one has ever been since I left home; and that I am very, very grateful," Zuleime said, very gently.

"But that you despise the calling too thoroughly to follow it, even for bread," said the actress, bitterly.

"No, no—I did not say or mean that, indeed—but I, you see, have neither the taste, talent, nor courage requisite!"

"Why not?"

"I was brought up in the privacy of domestic life; in the deep seclusion of the country. I have never been used to *society*, much less to *publicity*, and I am sure, that no matter how well I might be instructed in my part, when I should come before an audience, I should forget all about it, and half die of shame."

"Ah, I suppose you have no vocation for it. An actress forgets her own identity in that of the character she represents, and that enables her to go through things she could not otherwise endure. But, my dear, I do not see anything else you can do; and as for the 'stage fright,' as it is called among us, you would soon get that off."

Zuleime shook her head.

"My dear, you do not yet know the plan I have for you. I never thought—no one would ever think of a sudden grand debut for *you*. Nothing but great genius, strong vocation, and perfect self-possession on the part of the *debutante*, would justify such a thing. No—the art must be acquired, as other arts are—slowly. That is the plan I had for you, and it entirely precludes the possibility of a stage fright, since you are gradually inured to it. Do you understand me, now?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, then, for instance—and to come to the point! The opera season is about to commence, and the manager wishes to engage about half-a-dozen young girls as chorus singers. Will you be one? The lowest salary they ever give a chorus singer is six dollars a week—that is four times as much as you ever earned by the tedious needle. Will you consent?"

Still Zuleime was silent.

"After the opera season is over, I make no doubt that your youth, beauty and grace, and your very fine voice will secure you a permanent engagement at an advanced salary. Will you go with me to the manager to-morrow?"

"No," said Zuleime, "I should not dare to go upon the stage. I could not face an audience."

"And you need not face them! You would be in a group of young girls, and no one would notice you, except casually as a part of the scenery. The attention of the audience is taken up with the principal performers. Besides, no one will know who you are. Your name need not appear upon the bills. I will take every care of your feelings, if, indeed, you can be sensible of them when hunger and cold are felt."

"I do not like the life," said Zuleime. "I had almost as willingly starve."

The actress arose and rang the bell.

"Oh! it is nothing to me, Mrs. Fairfax. Do as you please. I have no earthly interest to serve in persuading you to this step," she said, with the old, cross, querulous look on her haggard face, and in her beautiful dark, gray eyes.

Bertha came in and cleared away the table.

Mrs. Knight walked up and down the room in a hasty, irritated manner.

"I wish I was at work again! I am sick of my holiday already! Since I cannot afford to abandon this hateful art, I wish I were always delving at it, and there came no pause for self-recollection. I wish I were perpetually Queen Katherine, Mrs. Haller, Isabella, Imogene, Lady Macbeth, Bianca Fazio, and the others, going incessantly through the circle like the earth through the signs of the zodiac. I wish I were always somebody else, anybody else than poor Ida Knight." And she threw herself into a chair, glancing at Zuleime with a strained, appealing, accusing look. But the wan face of the dying girl, with its hectic flush, smote the rock in her heart, and she moved to her side and took her hand and said, gently, though with the same tone and look of querulous suffering, "It *is* a wretched life! I feel it so—only it is not so bad as starving, and seeing your child starve. My dear, it *is* something to me whether I persuade you to do this thing or not. I cannot bear to see you suffer so. Your necessities weigh upon my heart in addition to my own. And really," she added, with the same frowning, irritated look, "really, I have such a burden of my own, that I grow restive under a feather of anybody else's."

"Then do not take my sorrows on your shoulders, dear lady; I can bear them myself, or die under their weight uncomplainingly. Do not take my troubles to heart!" said Zuleime, gently.

The actress looked up with a sharp, rebuking glance, saying,

"As if I could help it! You are not sincere when you ask me to do so! No, the only way I can get your grief off my heart is to get them off your own. I must get you into *living* circumstances. I must persuade you to go on the stage with me. It is not a pleasant profession for a lady, I grant you—neither is freezing or starving, and getting into debt and being dunned and rebuffed, pleasant—but—" she added, with a look of almost fierce self-assertion and self-defence—"neither is it actually *sinful*, that I know of. It necessarily transgresses no command of God with which I am acquainted. One need not be a heathen because she is an actress. Mrs. Siddons was a member in full communion with the Church of England. The stage has its dangers, I grant you, but you may safely pass through them, if you please. I have done so! I was not born or brought up to that life, my dear. I was the daughter of an English country curate—then a nursery governess—then a travelling companion to an earl's daughter—then I accidentally met with my husband, and we married from mutual affection. He was a tragedian—that is the way in which I became an actress. Now I follow the histrionic profession as the only means of living left open to me. I have seen the dangers—nay, I have *felt* them. But nightly—no matter how utterly wearied out with toil I may have been, I have uttered two lines of sincere prayer, that God would keep me from falling into deeper sin. And He has kept me! Does that surprise you? God is the God of the publican as well as of the Pharisee. Who dares excommunicate me? What child of the Universal Father shall dare to say that another is excluded from His love and care and protection? Verily, the day of Judgment will be a day of startling revelations. And many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." And then the actress fell into silence, and her fine countenance lost that look of captious self-defence, and settled into meditative earnestness.

Zuleime arose to go. Mrs. Knight took her hand, and said, gently,

"My dear, think over what I have proposed to you. If you decide to accept my proposition, I will take every possible care of you. You shall be as my own daughter. I will shield you from all dangers. I will instruct you in your art. And I will give you the freedom of my wardrobe. Good-night. Will you kiss me?"

And she drew Zuleime to her bosom. The poor girl pressed her lips to those of the actress, and slipping through the door, passed up in the dark and cold to her own room.

Ida went to bed, but the poor, generous, irritable woman could not sleep for sympathy, for anxiety, and for the sound of Zuleime's racking cough. "She will never be able to sing much, I am really afraid. But she shall be paid well for dressing, and for making her beautiful face and form a part of the pageantry—that I am determined upon, if I have any influence with the management," thought Ida, as she sank to sleep.

Rusty and threadbare clothing, broken shoes, cold, hunger, and a suffering child, are forcible arguments, and they seconded the persuasions of Ida with tremendous power.

Zuleime yielded, and was carried down the current of fate as easily, with as little resistance as the sapling beaten down by the rain, uprooted by the wind, and carried off by the flood, is whirled down the stream.

It was the fatal night of the 26th of December, 1811, the night of the burning of the Richmond Theatre, a night ever to be remembered in the annals of that city, and ever to be mourned in the hearts of her citizens. That evening more than six hundred lovers of pleasure were gaily preparing for the theatre; not dreaming, alas! that they also were doomed to take fearful part in an awful tragedy—a tragedy unprecedented in the history of the stage. Before eight o'clock, more than six hundred persons, from pleasant city homes all around, assembled in the fated building; before twelve o'clock, more than one hundred had perished horribly in the flames! and the scarcely surviving five hundred, many wounded, maimed, or burned, all despairingly mourning the awful fate of nearest relatives and friends, returned or were borne back to their desolate homes!

That afternoon, unprophetic of doom as any of the others, Zuleime and her friend were preparing to go on the stage. Zuleime had no part to perform—she was as yet only an attaché—and was to appear but in one scene, as one of a group of villagers. She was engaged in fixing up a peasant dress, consisting of a straw hat, black spencer, short gray skirt, and striped stockings. Mrs. Knight was, as usual, doing two things at once—arranging her costume and studying her part. But the eyes of Ida often wandered towards Zuleime, as she heard that hacking, racking cough, and she noticed with pain the waning face. Yes! within a few days even, the thin face had become perceptibly thinner, and the flushed cheek burned with a darker crimson. "And she will make a sorry looking peasant," thought Ida; "a very sorry peasant, with that delicate, spiritual, almost aerial face and form of hers. How absurdly inappropriate are most of the affairs we get up! Truly, our art is in the rear of all others. Now, this evening, all go on as villagers—vulgar and refined—all reduced to one level. Those coarse, brawny Miss Butchers, and this fragile, delicate Zuleime, all peasants—very well for the Miss Butchers, but for Zuleime! To-morrow evening all go on as fairies; excellent well for this aerial Zuleime, but for the Miss Butchers! Well, our notions are fanciful as arbitrary—and there may be peasants who have delicate, white, semi-transparent fingers, and there may be fairies with large, flat feet, and great red hands, for aught we know." While Mrs. Knight silently cogitated, and covered her white satin shoes anew, and studied her part, Zuleime worked on also in silence, but too despairing, too exhausted, even to think of the wayward fate which had brought her to this pass.

At about sunset their preparations were completed. Ida, as usual, rang for her cup of coffee and her errand boy, and packed up and sent away the costume for the evening. Then she put her own little girl and Zuleime's child to sleep together in her bed, and get Bertha to promise to look in, in the course of the evening, and see that all was safe. And then poor Ida carefully wrapped Zuleime up in her own mantilla, and wound her own furs around her neck, saying, in answer to all expostulation,

"Never mind me, my dear! I've got no cough. Haggard as I look, I'm whit-leather! *You* must take care of your poor little self."

And then they left the house, walking briskly through the biting air, and crunching the crusted snow under their quick footsteps. Though but little after sunset, owing to the heavy clouds, it was almost dark when they hurried along the streets. There was the usual number of foot-passengers abroad, and once, as the slight figure of a man in a military cloak swiftly hurried past, Mrs. Knight felt her arm suddenly grasped with spasmodic force by her companion, and turning around, she saw the face of Zuleime deadly pale.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear child?"

"Nothing, nothing!" said Zuleime; "let us hurry on."

"But you are trembling like an aspen leaf! You have walked too far—you are not strong enough for this evening's work; let me take you home again."

"No, no, no! let's go on!"

"Why, Zuleime—"

"Oh, it is nothing—nothing when you hear it! I—I felt the presence of one long dead! It was weak nerves, or fancy, or perhaps the prescience of one on the confines of the unseen world. Let us hasten on."

They hurried along. In the meantime, he who had passed them, the slight man in the military cloak, walked on down the square, suddenly stopped, muttered to himself, "Absurd! impossible!" then went on again, again stopped, as by an irresistible impulse, turned and rapidly retraced his steps, after the two ladies in black, overtook them, was close behind them, but not placing any confidence in what he termed his own wild thoughts, he dared not accost or peep under the bonnets of two reserved and closely veiled women. But he kept them in sight until he saw them enter the side door of the theatre. Then he asked a door-keeper,

"Who are those?"

"Two of the ladies attached to the theatre," replied the man.

"Fool that I was!" exclaimed Frank Fairfax, as he turned away.

Captain Fairfax had reached Richmond that day at noon—too late, by half a day, for the stage to L——, whither he would have gone, if possible, on the wings of the wind. His mother, warned by the newspapers, had been daily expecting his arrival, and was prepared to receive him when he presented himself. He had spent the whole afternoon with her at Fairview House, and in the evening had walked out to book his place in the next day's stage for L——. It was when hurrying along on that errand, that he passed so near his wife, electrifying her with his unknown presence, and being himself drawn to follow, and to hover near her all the evening. For when he had turned from the theatre, and hurried on and reached the stage office and secured his place, finding out that the coach did not start till three o'clock the next morning, he said to himself,

"How on earth shall I contrive to forget some of these miserable hours that must intervene before I can fly to my wife? My mother's ill-health obliges her to retire early to bed. If I go back to Fairview House, I shall have the whole mansion to myself. I will even go to the theatre, and see if I can find out among the women there the particular one whose air and gait reminded me so strongly of my Zuleime."

And so to the theatre he went. It was quite early, and he was fortunate in securing a seat in the centre of the first row of boxes, immediately in front of the stage. In the meantime, Zuleime had been conducted by Mrs. Knight into the theatre, and introduced into the common dressing-room of the stock actresses. This was a large room, with a broad shelf or dresser running around three sides of the walls, and about four feet from the floor. This served as bureaus, dressing-tables, and wash-stands for nine women, each of the three sides being occupied by three, who equally divided the shelf, each one having her band-boxes under the shelf, and her looking-glass on top of it, leaning against the wall, and her wash-basin, jars of rouge, boxes of powder, pots of pomatum, etc., standing around it. On introducing her companion into this apartment, Mrs. Knight said,

"All women belonging to the theatre use this as a common dressing-room, except the ballet girls, who have one to themselves, and the stars, who have separate and well furnished rooms."

About half-a-dozen women were present now, each before her own glass, with her own tallow candle, making her toilet.

"Who's that, Knight, that you've got there?" asked a coarse-featured, black-eyed girl, who always played the hoyden, or the wit, and fondly believed herself a proficient in the Rosalind and Beatrice line. "I say, Knight! is that the young 'lady?'" she repeated, turning around with a little wad of raw cotton, dipped in carmine, between her finger and thumb, and exhibiting a face in process of being rejuvenated—namely, with one young and blooming cheek, and one prematurely old and sallow.

"Yes, this is the young lady, Barry," said Mrs. Knight, very gravely, as she led her protege off to her own corner of the common dresser.

"I think she might have sent her down with the ballet girls, as she is really one of them," grumbled a large, important looking female, arranging a huge turban and curls upon her head, at the farther end of the room. Two new ideas besides that of the common dressing-room and the dressing-shelf in general, Zuleime had got—namely, first, that there really was some very lofty notions of rank and exclusiveness even among the members of the stock company of a second rate theatre—secondly, that they really, after all, did not differ much in that or any other respect from people she had met in very high society, except, indeed, that they had the odious habit of calling each other "Knight" or "Barry," as men do, without a prefix of any sort.

Mrs. Knight dressed herself for her part, as she was to appear in an early scene of the play, and then gave the use of her toilet nook to Zuleime. But the cold walk through the evening air, and the standing in the chilly dressing-room had so increased her cough, that Mrs. Knight went out and sent a call-boy for opium, and administered a dose. It was under the influence of that stupefier that Zuleime, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Knight, entered that terra-incognita, the green-room. It was a long room, papered, curtained, carpeted, furnished with sofas and easy-chairs, and warmed by a fine coal fire—upon the whole, it differed in no other respect than in its motley crowd, from a large family parlor. Mrs. Knight conducted her to a corner of the sofa nearest the fire, and leaving her sitting there, obeyed the call-boy's summons, and went upon the stage. Composed into a dreamy state by the opium, Zuleime sat there while the strange scene, with its fantastical crowd, passed before her like the phantasmagoria of a midnight dream. And all this time Frank sat in the centre box of the front row, not seeing the play enacting before him—not thinking of it, only seeing the turnpike road to L——. Only thinking of the dearest girl in the world, whom he should meet at the end of his journey. Paper walls again!

Zuleime remained in the corner of the sofa near the fire in the green-room, not thinking at all, not even dreaming, only conscious in a vague dreamy way, that a strange vision, changing and changing like figures in the kaleidoscope, was passing before her. She was scarcely aroused by Mrs. Knight's gentle voice, saying in her ear,

"Come, my dear, it is time for you to go on now. Come, don't be afraid. Bless you, you are nobody, you know. No one will look at you. You will be only one of a group that forms a sort of back-ground to the scene. Come, I will go with you to the side entrance, where the others stand."

Zuleime obeyed mechanically, and was led, between various walls of canvass, to a side entrance, at which were grouped a number of persons in villager's costume.

"There, just go on with the crowd, and stand there; that is all you have to do," whispered Mrs. Knight, as she left her.

And at the same moment the group moved on, carrying the somnolent Zuleime with them, and she found herself in a dazzling glare of light, and heard the deafening rant of a stentorian lunged actor near her, and grew painfully conscious of the many hundred eyes upon the scene, upon herself, perhaps—and dared not raise her eyes an instant from the floor, upon which, with a deeply burning cheek, they were fixed. But suddenly an attraction—a fatality—I know not what—but something stronger than her fear, stronger than her will, drew her glance up to the centre box of the front row, and her eyes met Frank's eyes. Yes, there he sat, gazing at her, astonished, fixed, spell-bound as by a night-mare, without the power of moving or waking. She! she too, gazed for a moment. She was not astonished at seeing him there, any more than she would have been astonished at *dreaming* of seeing him anywhere. It was all like a wild dream, everything! It seemed not unnatural that he should form a part of it. Only to her weakened and half-stupified brain, the *last, nearest* event was the most distinct—and so, strangely, she did not think of his death or life, but only of the reproach she had brought upon *him*, her proud Frank, in appearing there! and covering her face with both hands, she sank to her knees upon the floor.

It was lucky the drop-curtain fell just then. It was lucky the audience took that by-scene for a part of the play. But to Zuleime it was still like a fever-dream, from which she tried to wake. Like a dream the drop-curtain had rolled down. But not like a dream was the rough seizure of her arm by a girl who set her upon her feet, and said, in a not unfriendly tone,

"What did you do that for? *That* warn't a part of *your* part."

"I—I—have," began Zuleime, passing her hand back and forth across her forehead, "I have been taking opium to stop my cough. I—never was used to it, and I think it has bewildered me a little; don't you think so?"

"I think *something* has! Wake up, and try to listen to what is going on. Mr. —— is going to sing now. Come off."

As the girl led her away between the walls of canvass, one of those insignificant incidents occurred, upon which nevertheless the fate of hundreds sometimes hang. Away among the back scenes through which they passed to reach the green-room, there was a chandelier hanging flaring in the draught. A boy seemed busy with it.

"Hoist it up higher, sir, why don't you?" exclaimed one of the players, who happened to come up.

"If I do, it will set fire to the scenes," replied the boy.

"Confound your insolence, do you think I would give you the order, if there were the least danger? Do as you are directed, sir."

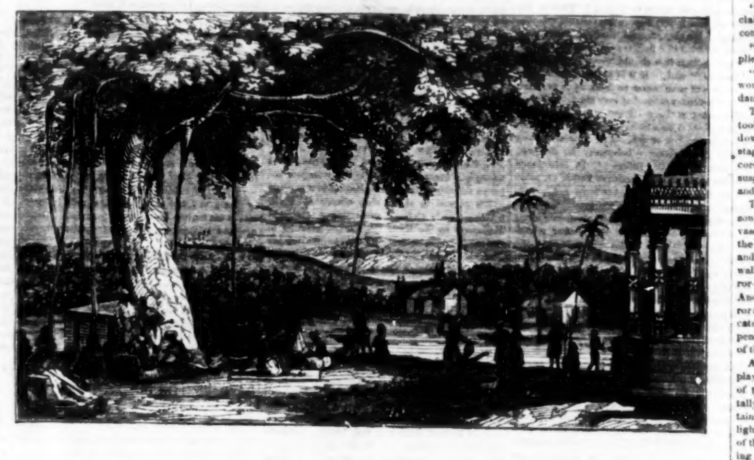
The boy obeyed; and the scenery instantly took fire. The chandelier was hastily drawn down; the alarm was given in the rear of the stage, and a scene shifter directed to cut the cords by which the combustible material was suspended. But the man became panic-struck and fled.

The performers and their assistants in vain sought to tear down the scenery. The canvass was covered with a resinous composition, and the draught of wind was strong; and Zuleime and her companion were swiftly encircled by walls of blazing canvass. The strong girl, terror-stricken, left her weak companion and fled. And the poor invalid, forgotten by all in the terror and confusion, sank down overpowered, suffocated by the heat and smoke. All this had happened in less than three minutes from the raising of the chandelier.

And at this time one of the performers was playing near the orchestra, and the greater part of the stage, with its appalling danger, was fatally concealed from the audience by the curtain. The flames spread with the rapidity of lightning; and the first notice the audience had of their danger, was the fire falling from the ceiling upon the head of the performer. Even then many supposed it to be a part of the play, and were for a short time restrained from flight by a cry from the stage that there was no danger. But soon the fire flashed to every part of the house with a rapidity horrible and appalling. Then terror seized upon the hearts of all, and the audience broke up in confusion. Those in the pit escaped by the pit entrance, and were every one saved. Those in the boxes, who, had they known it, might *at first* have escaped by way of the pit, all turned and hurried towards the only door of egress into the lobby. This door was unfortunately hung to open on the inside. And this circumstance was fatally overlooked by the frenzied crowd, who pressed and pressed against the door, trying to push it open, but really keeping it fast closed. The fire advanced upon them, filling the house with suffocating smoke, and with flame that seized the clothing of those behind, goading them horribly to still more frantic pressure upon those before. The most frightful uproar ensued; women shrieking, praying—men groaning, expostulating; all crowding one upon another, or rather hundreds upon hundreds, and all pressing towards the door that would not yield. The pit was now a lake of fire, darting out huge tongues of flame that wound themselves around the forms of the hindmost, who fell shrivelled into the blaze. Then arose cries of horror, anguish and despair—children crying for lost parents, and parents calling in agony upon the names of missing children—for in the fierce pushing and struggling for life, parties got separated and families divided—children forced from the parents, women from their protectors, and the weaker unconsciously thrown down and trampled to death by the strong. Many, half roasted, dropped into the burning pit; many with their garments in flames, maddened by pain and terror, threw themselves headlong from the windows, and met another death. Many even chanced to save their lives that way at the cost of broken limbs. And at last the door yielded; and as many as possible escaped that way; but to what a life, alas! darkened forever by the memory of dearest relatives and friends who perished in the fire. The whole building was now in flames. In less than an hour all was over. Naught remained but a heap of smoking ruins; and around them the agonized crowd of those who lived and raved—and around these again, an awe-struck, mourning city.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

East India Scene.



HEADMAN OF A HINDOO VILLAGE, HOLDING HIS COURT.

The most interesting feature of the ancient Hindoo Government, and the most important, next to that of the institution of castes, was the establishment of townships or village communities, which exist at the present day, in many parts of India, in nearly the same state as they did in early times. From the nature of the townships, it may be supposed that, when the people were separated into classes, the husbandmen were settled in villages, to each of which was attached a certain extent of land, to be cultivated by that community, every family taking an equal portion. They paid rents for their lands, amounting to about one-fourth of the produce, collected by the headman or chief of the village, appointed in those days by a superior, but whose office afterward became hereditary. There seems at that period to have existed a sort of feudal system, since there were lords of large territories, answering to feudal fiefs, containing a thousand townships, who held supremacy over the lords of one hundred villages, subordinate to whom were the Governors of ten villages, and these latter rulers appointed the headmen. The many revolutions that have taken place in the country at various times, have occasioned great alterations in this system; but every village has still its headman, and many of them are yet in the same state of happy simplicity which distinguished them in former days.

Pictures of Life.

THE OLD BOY.

Every man is double. He is what he knows himself to be; and what others think him. The two men—the outward and visible, and the inward and invisible man—are often very different sort of people.

Perhaps this thesis was never more forcibly illustrated than in my own case. I had the misfortune, when scarcely fifteen years of age, to dream a most rare and ominous dream. So distinct was the vision in all its details, that it rather resembled a visit to another world, or a *clairvoyant* projection of the soul into the future, than an ordinary dream. Its most astounding peculiarity was its apparent duration. Everybody almost is familiar with the fact, that in a dream a few moments are often so prodigiously crowded with images and sensations that they appear as many hours. But I doubt whether there are as many dreamers living who can boast of having condensed ten years of life into a single night. Such, however, was precisely my case. I awoke ten years older in mind than when I fell asleep the night before. I awoke with a distinct remembrance of ten years of active experience. I had the clearest recollection of thoughts and events during the whole period. During these ten years of dream-life, I had left school, studied at a university, loved, fought, and written works which had obtained for me a great literary reputation. In a word, I had become a great and distinguished man, accustomed to receive the consideration due to my position. I had possessed fortune, power, a host of admirers, and, above all, the consciousness of power and manhood. I awoke a mere child in the eyes of the world; a delusive phenomenon, an anachronism, a living paradox; a schoolboy, ten years older than himself; an experienced man, ten years younger than his ideas.

At first I could scarcely realize the absurd fact of my youth. I was inclined to take truth for vision, and vision for truth. But finding myself soon driven to fall back on metaphysics, and on such notions as that life is itself a dream, and that ideas and events differ only in a trifling degree, I thought it wisest to avoid becoming insane by taking a more practical view of my position. I certainly had dreamed myself into a most unboyish state of intellect and feelings. I as certainly had awakened to a most unmanlike appearance of juvenility, and a most inconsistent state of boyish thraldom. I was at an English boarding-school—the Rev. Doctor Whopham's classical academy! What a ridiculous misfortune for the author of books, the politician, the man of the world, of my dream-memory!

I was just revolving these contradictions in my mind when the school-bell rang for the boys to get up. It was six o'clock in the morning. For the last five or six years of my life (in the infernal dream) I had been accustomed to lie in bed in the morning and muse on the composition of my works. On the present occasion I continued to ponder lazily over my mysterious vision, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by one of the boys in the room calling out in a shrill tone:

"Hollo! Darkman, do you mean to get up to-day, or wait till to-morrow?"

At the same moment another of the boys thought it a capital joke to throw a bolster at me, which, descending precisely on my face, for the moment half smothered me, and so irritated my temper in the anomalous condition of my mind, that forgetting my boyhood for the nonce, I sprang out of bed, seized the offender roughly by the shoulder, and administered a couple of boxes on the ear, with such lusty good-will, that the whole room rang with their vibration.

"Take that, you insolent young monkey!" I cried, in a stern, contemptuous tone, which amazed the offender, who was as nearly of my own size and age as might be.

"I say," retorted the boy, angrily, "none of that girl's play with me; if you please, come on, and fight like a man, if you can!" and the boy doubled his fists and threw himself in a very orthodox pugilistic attitude.

This brought me to my senses, and recalled me to a consciousness of my absurd position. However, there was, of course, no retreat, and I prepared for the inevitable contest. He had told me to fight like a man. Little did he imagine how much of a man I was. Ten years of adventures had given me a self-possession and courage very different from the mere effervescence of boyish audacity. Confidence is strength. I looked upon my antagonist as a child. My manly pride almost disdained such an enemy. He had scarcely returned my blow when I assailed him with such decisive resolution, that in a few moments he was grovelling on the floor at my feet, bleeding and vanquished.

The other boys applauded me admiringly, as I strode scornfully back to my bed-side, and began to dress in silence.

It was the first time they had witnessed any thing of the kind on my part. Though not by any means weak or small for my age, I was of an extremely effeminate appearance. My complexion was singularly fair and delicate; my hair soft, light, and wavy; whilst previous to the change wrought in my character by the dream, I had been remarkable for the gentleness of my manners, and though not timid, had always avoided quarrelling and fighting as much as possible. But now I had acquired all the stern combativeness which ten years of arduous struggles rarely fail to impart to the human disposition. Accordingly, when on descending to the school-room Dr. Whopham severely reprimanded me for my violence, I showed no manner of contrition for the offence, but looked coldly and indifferently at the Doctor, who, in my eyes, was now no more than a vulgar pedagogue, very much my inferior in acquirements and talents.

"Do you hear, sir?" said the Doctor; "I say that I will make an example of you."

"You had better not," said I, sarcastically, thinking of a repartee I had made to Washington Irving a year or two before, (in the dream;) "I should make a bad example to a certainty."

"You shall be flogged, sir," said the Doctor, losing all patience. "By G——, I'll not be bearded by any boy in my school. I will flog you this very day."

"I think you will not, sir," said I, with affected politeness.

"Why not," thundered Whopham, growing purple in the face with rage, "you poisonous young viper."

"Because if you attempted such a thing, or effected it by force, I would infallibly kill you."

"Kill me!" cried the Doctor; "the young wretch, the unprincipled, immoral young monster—he threatens to murder me!"

"Yes; if you lay hands upon me, I do," was my deliberate answer.

"Why, what's the matter with the boy?" said the head usher, coming up; "is he mad? He used to be the most peaceable and gentle boy in the whole school, and look at him now; his face is like a Satan's."

"Wicked, but angelic," said I, laughing. "Mr. Polyglot, I thank you for the compliment."

"Does the devil possess the boy?" exclaimed Dr. Whopham, looking at my erect attitude of defiance with a mysterious feeling of dismay, and perhaps imagining that I relied upon the rank of my relatives, who were of wealth and distinction, to bear me out in my rebellious conduct.

"Hark you, you couple of old fools!" said I, with an indescribable pleasure in their utter confusion, "we have had enough of this. I meant to run away, but perhaps you may as well expel me. At all hazards, here we part; so good-bye forever. Boys, good-bye!"

As I spoke, I made a dash at the nearest school-room window, which was open to admit the fresh air, vaulted over the window-sill, and manfully took to my heels. In a few hours I had distanced all my pursuers, for I was the best runner at the school, and I did not spare my legs. For several days after I could scarcely walk. Meanwhile I had taken the rail to London. I was safe. I was free. I was to all intents and purposes the man of my dream, without his position, his fortune, or his fame; at least, so I fondly fancied. And now what was to be my course? At all hazards, I was resolved not to return to my relations. How could I explain to them the change that had taken place in my being? They would have confined me as a lunatic, or sent me back to school as a culprit. My first resolution, then, was to preserve my personal liberty at all costs. Any thing was better than the slavery of a school-life—even starvation; but that I did not apprehend. I had a gold watch of which I could nearly guess the value. I raised ten pounds (fifty dollars) upon it the next day. Half that sum, judiciously invested, supplied me with clothes suitable to the appearance of a man several years older than myself, which I had resolved to assume. A pair of spectacles fitted with green glasses, a stiff cravat and shirt collar, and a rather clerical suit of black, were my whole means of disguise. Being nearly as tall as the average run of men, I was thus enabled to conceal my extreme youth, and to enter upon the career which I had proposed to myself as the source of my future income. This career was literature. Nor need it be wondered at that I adopted the pursuit which, in my dream-life, I had already carried to such a successful issue.

In a few days, by assiduous labor, I had dashed off one of those strange, wild, improbable, plausible, and supernaturally interesting stories of which the literature of all nations scarcely furnishes a dozen examples. I knew, however, by my old dream experience, what a new aspirant for literary fame had to expect from publishers. I also knew how to deal with this despicable race of moral Jews, who discount thought and devour the mental wealth of genius precisely as their prototypes eat up the fortunes of the members of rich and noble families. Accordingly, I took excellent precautions against their ignorance on the one hand, and their impertinence on the other. I introduced myself to the firm of Grey, Brown, Yellowboy & Co., as the private secretary of a young gentleman of fortune, who indulged in literary ambition. I spoke with sincere admiration of my own genius, that is, of my imaginary master's; finally, I presented the MS. of my story as a work which had been produced under the most singular auspices. It was, in fact, I said, a translation and completion of a fragment never printed, which the illustrious *Theodore Amadeus Hoffman* had left behind him, and which, by incredible labor, my young employer had succeeded in deciphering and translating.

The publisher was extremely anxious to see the author, whom I did not forget to make the cousin of a Duke, and a man of noble name and family. But I told him that, until after the publication of the work, such an interview would be impossible, as Mr. Percy Egremont (my supposed master) had even then started for Rome on a secret mission from the home government.—The publisher, who could not penetrate my grave demeanor and green spectacles, treated me with distinguished politeness—not the less that I alluded to my own prospects of a diplomatic career under the patronage of Mr. Egremont. He purchased the copyright of the work; and had good cause to rejoice in his speculation, for it ran through five editions in the space of as many months, and I found myself both famous, and, comparatively speaking, rich. The publisher happened to be one of the most honest of his tribe, and I had received for each edition of my little book—which, by the way, was expensively printed and illustrated—the sum of thirty guineas, in all one hundred and fifty, or about eight hundred dollars. Thus I had achieved at a bound what, in my dream, and too often in the real lives of authors of the highest merit, was the result only of years of toil and drudgery—a position. I had a name, and the command of a publisher. I could draw money in advance, if I required it, on my mere promise of an unwritten book. At fifteen years of age I was one of the happy few whom success stamps with the mark of the most exclusive of all nobilities, acknowledged superiority. But I had the memory of ten years of battle in my heart. In secret I felt all the sadness which poets are prone to who weep the miseries of humanity—all the weariness of life which a varied experience of its pleasures and its cares produces in the mind of the earnest thinker.—Meanwhile other sensations natural to my age, and stimulated by my unnatural extension of experience, began to exercise an empire over my soul which neither reason nor prudence could contend against. The beauty of fair and gentle women haunted my dreams. The melody of angel voices, heard in poetic reveries, resolved themselves into the musical accents of silken-haired and blue-eyed girls. I had slid imperceptibly into society through the agency of my publisher and the literary men to whom he had introduced me, since, on the undeniable success of my book, I had laughingly thrown off my mask and declared myself to be Percy Egremont in person.

And, as Percy Egremont, I was everywhere welcome. My extreme youth—for, though none suspected my real age, I could not be supposed to be more than nineteen or twenty at the very farthest—my fame echoed by every newspaper and review throughout the kingdom, my girlish face and gentle manners, all contributed to make me a sort of general pet lion. Even my brother authors loved and spoke well of me. How could they suspect, beneath my effeminate aspect, the iron will and hardened heart of a man practiced in all the wiles and stratagems, inured to all the tempests and convulsions of a worldly and insatiable ambition?

If, with all this, I felt at times that my life was after all a sort of protracted imposture, a kind of sublimely methodical madness, what mattered? I was the last person in the world to underrate the value of a dream. So I dreamed on, and took no thought for the morrow.

I had made the acquaintance, amongst other young men of literary tastes, of Lord Arthur Carisbrook, and by him had been introduced to his mother, the dowager Lady Carisbrook, and his sister, Lady Rosina, a girl of eighteen, who had just been presented at Court, and was in all probability destined to be the recognized beauty of the season.

The moment her dark-blue, languishing eyes fell upon me, a flood of new-born vitality streamed through my frame. My chest seemed to expand, every fibre of my body to dilate with an ecstatic sensation of power. I felt myself a man, indeed, and capable of contending with men. But, alas! I was still at least ten years older than I looked!

"What a pretty boy!" I overheard the Countess say to her son, as I turned to speak to Rosina.

"Yes, mamma," replied the young lord, "you would hardly imagine that he was the author of 'Nairad.'"

"Why, dress him in Rosina's clothes," said the Countess, "and he would look more girlish than your sister."

I bit my lips with vexation. But the expression of Rosina's eyes, which, as she was tall, were precisely on a level with my own, soon distracted my thoughts from this mortifying remark. Rosina was, in truth, a girl worthy of a poet's love. She was full of animation, yet free from coquetry; she appreciated art, she enjoyed nature, she adored beauty. She had only one fault—an intense fear of ridicule. She had a soul brave and lofty enough to have defied menace, and dared persecution; but her courage faded before a sarcasm; a sneer descended on her resolutions like a blight upon the nectarines. This peculiarity of her character I discovered at our first interview, thanks to my supernatural knowledge of the intricacies of human fancies and motives.

At the same time, I conceived for her one of those insane, unspeakable, delicious passions which can only come into existence under rare and extraordinary circumstances. Such passions know no middle path; they bring with them either supreme happiness or intolerable misery. In my case, it required the most careful policy and perfect self-restraint, to give even the hope of a happy result. I do not allude to social difficulties. The love of Rosina secured, an elopement was a cardinal remedy for all such obstacles. But to be loved, and loved as madly as I myself loved, by Rosina, it was absolutely necessary that I should avoid ridicule. My weak point was my youth. Feeling that any affectation of disguising it would only render me absurd, I resolved, with the policy of a true politician, to annihilate its weakness by making it a tower of strength. Accordingly I assumed the part of a gay, careless boy-poet. I made no pretence to the dignity of maturity. I took liberties with every body, and allowed every body to treat me as a precocious youth, who had no idea of appearing otherwise than he was.—Lady Carisbrook took a great liking to me—she little thought what exquisite art I had employed to ingratiate myself—and I was invited to join a large party of fashionable people at her country mansion.

It was on this occasion, that I hoped to bring my schemings to a happy climax. By my boyish vivacity and unassuming manners, I acquired the affections of nearly all the guests assembled. My subtle jests passed for random flashes of humor. Sayings, which Talleyrand might have been proud of, were repeated as happy blunders of a prattling youth. My authorship of "Nairad," which might have opened the eyes of any one of ordinary perspicacity, was for the time forgotten. It was only when alone with Rosina, that my tone and manner underwent a total transformation. To her, I discoursed naturally and freely, with all the gravity of a philosopher, and enthusiasm of an ambitious genius. For her ear I reserved the stores of my mysteriously acquired knowledge, all the wonders of my daring projects and aspirations. I made her my confidant and friend. I never said a word of love. I even forced myself to look at her without betraying my passion. I had but one object—to teach her to respect me. In the presence of third parties I avoided showing even the most shadowy indication of the love that consumed my soul. Thus I escaped the ridicule of rival suitors, the odious comparison with their robust forms and whiskered faces; thus, in short, I convinced Rosina of my superiority, before she had even dreamed of comparing me with others.

All went well. My policy was triumphant, and at length the crisis was brought on, which was either to establish my complete success, or utter failure.

"How is it," said Rosina, as we stood talking, before dinner, in a conservatory of exotic plants, to which we had retreated from an instinctive wish to enjoy one another's society undisturbed—"how is it, Percy, that you are so different when alone with me, from what you are in company?"

"It is because, my dear Lady Rosina, the mass of mankind are not worth talking sense to, as they are barely capable of understanding nonsense. Besides, I am a mere boy, comparatively speaking, and it would be bad taste to show myself wiser or cleverer than older people. I have

also the misfortune to look much younger even than I am; my face is—"

"More like a pretty girl's than a man's," said Rosina, laughing, with a violently puzzling expression.

I did not blush, as I should probably have done, had any one else said the same thing. It was not the wounded vanity of a child, it was the baffled passion of a man, that caused me to turn pale, to feel my blood almost sink beneath me, and to contort my brow with an expression of pain that no self-command could conceal.

But my agony was of brief duration. Rosina took my hand in hers, and pressing it in a way that caused me the most delicious thrill of enjoyment, said, in a very different tone, and with a look that penetrated through all my artificial panoply: "Percy, I think Alcibiades, at your age, must have been what you are now, a combination of the beauty of a woman and the soul of a hero!"

Scarcely had Rosina uttered these perilously flattering words, than I had clasped her lovely form to my heart in an embrace of frantic delight, and pressed upon her lips a kiss that caused me to turn faint with rapture. In another instant I was at her feet. I looked up.—She was trembling from head to foot. Her eyes were swimming in tears. She said nothing, she raised me gently; one more passionate embrace, and at the sound of the dinner bell, we hastened to put on an indifferent aspect, and join the assembled guests in the drawing-room. Henceforward our eyes might have served us as telegraphs.

And now, laugh who will at what follows.—Years of peril, vicissitude, and wild adventure lie between me and that hour. I yet shudder to recall its eventful moments. On entering the drawing-room I met face to face a newly arrived guest. Almost petrified with horror, I recognized—Doctor Whopham. I saw, too, with the same glance, that he, too, had recognized me. Exposure was inevitable. Nevertheless I did not lose my presence of mind. I tried the only chance I had.

"Doctor," said I, shaking him by the hand, and speaking in an under tone, "silence!—silence at any price—at any price!"

But the schoolmaster either would not or could not understand me; probably the latter, as he was a man of heavy and obtuse intellect. He stared at me for a moment in stupid amazement; then burst out in a tone that was audible from one end of the room to the other:

"What! you here? So I've caught you at last, Master Darkman, have I? Your relations have been half crazy about you. Don't frown at me, you young villain! Ha, ha! gentlemen and ladies, would you believe it? this is one of my boys who ran away, some six or seven months ago, from my school. Well! this is a *dies fortunata!* His relations have offered all sorts of reward for his recovery. Excuse me, your lordship, but how, in the name of Scylla and Charybdis, did this boy come here?"

I did not regard the supercilious smiles and broad grins of the faces that surrounded me, all radiant with infernal curiosity and enjoyment of the ridiculous scene. I turned, crushed as I was in soul, with a proud and calm air, towards Rosina. She was laughing—yes, laughing aloud at my hideous discomfiture! As her eyes encountered my look of eternal reproach, she burst into a yet more extravagant fit of laughter.

We were always a fierce and violent race, we of the Darkman family. A man darkened by a fearful crime was its legendary founder. And now all the blackness of hell seemed concentrated in my heart.

"Dog!—Idiot!" I cried savagely, "what is the meaning of this farce—this incomprehensible insolence? Apologize at once, and choose other subjects for your jests in future."

"Oh, indeed!" said the schoolmaster. "Oh, indeed! you call me dog and idiot, do you?—Wait till I see your father, or till I get you back to school, and have you flogged as you deserve. Only let me—"

At this moment, the coarse speaker was interrupted in his diatribe by a blow on the head from the pedestal of a massive bronze lamp, which in my fury I had seized and wielded as if it had been a mere bamboo cane. Amid a general cry of horror, the Doctor fell senseless to the ground, and a stream of blood from his fractured skull began to form an ominous pool upon the carpet. I was only restrained from repeating the blow by the united efforts of the bystanders.

The next day I awoke in the county gaol.

Some weeks elapsed. The schoolmaster did not die. He only became a lunatic, which, to a man who was born a fool, was perhaps no great misfortune. I myself was liberated, on the ground of temporary insanity, which my incoherent ravings in the delirium of a fever that had supervened on the last named events not a little encouraged. Pale, wasted, and broken-spirited, I, some months later, being on a visit to an aunt in London, ventured to knock at Lord Carisbrook's door. My former friend received me, to my amazement, with more than his usual cordiality.

"Are you prepared," said I, "to hear a story which vulgar minds would call incredible?"

"I assure you that I am burning with curiosity to hear the explanation of your mystery."

I told him all—even to my interview with his sister, and her terrible laughter.

"And now," said he, "I will tell you something, since it appears after all that you are a man of an honorable family. Rosina did not join in the brutal laugh at your misfortune. She loved you too well, to take a pleasure in your ridicule."

"How, you would persuade me to disbelieve my senses?"

"Yes; but if you would save Rosina another *fit of hysterics*, you will leave me and join her in the next room."

In another instant my future bride was in my arms. To real love its object can never be ridiculous. Two years later the marriage of the only son of Sir Lionel Darkman to Lady Rosina Carisbrook was announced in the papers.

And strange to say, the memory of that dream never faded, but remained, as it were, an integral part of my life. When other subjects failed us, it was a constant resource for conversation; and Rosina, smoothing my hair with her white hand, would say, gently smiling, "Now tell me some of your adventures in dream-land."

And when ten years were elapsed, the two memories, of the visioned and the real life, remained strangely distinct; and I perceived that the latter was, indeed, but a continuation of the former. Indeed, Rosina often whispered—what my own vanity would have scarcely ventured to suggest—that I had become at last a greater man even than the man of my vision. Perhaps this flattering fancy was but a dream, like the other. At any rate, I doubt whether I shall ever dream again half so pleasantly!

Thus I owe my fame, my bride, and my happiness to a dream.—*Whig Review.*

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

We have received a pamphlet from Dr. J. X. Chaubert, on "Asiatic Cholera." We observe the following passage, the truth or falsity of which may be easily ascertained: "What is Cholera? I believe Asiatic Cholera is an aerial epidemic, or a *poison* diffused through the atmosphere. This poison is a *small green insect, invisible to the naked eye, but easily to be seen under the action of a powerful microscope.* This insect is inhaled from the atmosphere, and by fixing itself into the mucous membrane of the stomach and lungs, produces irritation and inflammation of the lungs, stomach and small intestines; which irritation is transmitted to the liver, through the duct leading from the stomach to the gall-bladder, and extending itself to the spine, brain and heart, through the irritation of the nerves, and thus producing all the symptoms of Cholera. Of the existence of this green insect there is no doubt, *and only where Cholera exists.* I have made numerous experiments in regard to them. Among the most important is this: in a place where Cholera exists, I bare my arm to the shoulder, and hold it over my head for some time; when I take it down, it has a perfectly natural appearance, but, on submitting it to the action of the microscope, it appears to be covered with millions of these green insects, *alive.* They will not be found where Cholera does not exist in some form. These insects are, no doubt, the exhalations (*malaria*) of decaying animal and vegetable matter, caused by the heat of the sun, acting on low, wet, or marshy places, or where the ground is subjected to frequent changes from wet to dry." Dr. Chaubert professes to have discovered an infallible cure for Cholera, which he offers to reveal, if the "various governments" will secure to him a suitable reward. Governments disposed to treat, may find him at 431 Grand street.

An Interesting Relic.—We were lately shown a China cup and saucer, which belonged to the celebrated Elizabeth Haddon, a young English lady of wealth and family, who emigrated to this country in the year 1700.* They are now in the possession of a descendant, Wm. H. Nicholson, Esq., of Haddonfield, N. J., and are no less remarkable for their antiquity than for their tiny dimensions; by which we should infer that the good people of the seventeenth century were more moderate in their use of the herb of the Celestials than those of the nineteenth; owing probably to the high price the article maintained; for, until the year 1707, tea was sold in England for 60 shillings a pound.—*Correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post.*

* See a work entitled the Noble Deeds of American Women.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &C.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Held Over.—A letter from Mrs. L. J. Peirson, and one from our European correspondent, C. G., are unavoidably held over till our next issue.

OBEDIENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

Some kind friend has sent us a copy of a short but ably-written Discourse on Obedience, delivered in June last, in the city of Washington, by the Rev. Orville Dewey, a gentleman of considerable ministerial and literary celebrity. As the subject is one of great importance, and as extracts from this discourse doubtless will be widely published in the newspapers, we have thought it well to devote a portion of our editorial space this week, to an examination of what we consider the very plausible but somewhat erroneous and mischievous character of Mr. Dewey's opinions.

Mr. Dewey is apprehensive that the great virtue of obedience is in danger of being banished from our systems of thought and life. He sees this tendency in the whole fabric of society around him,—and, in an especial degree, in the domestic relations. He says,—and we shall quote his remarks at considerable length, in order that his position may be clearly understood:—

There is a relaxation of family discipline in this country, which, with all thoughtful observers, must be a subject of the profoundest anxiety. The principle of obedience, in most families, has gone out and disappeared from the discipline of childhood; I mean of direct, instant, unhesitating obedience to the *parental word*. I do not want to ask anybody whether this is true. I know it—I see it—I see it every where. I do not know—I cannot ask, whether this plain speaking will offend those who hear me. This, that I speak of, is to me—as a man, as a citizen, as a public teacher—it is such an immense, overshadowing and threatening evil, that I can hold no compromise with it whatever. This subject has weighed very heavily upon my thoughts for some time, and I sat down the past week to address to you the thoughts I am now uttering, because I could not retire from this pulpit, as I am to do for a few weeks, without disburthening my mind upon it.

And yet I do not know that I can make any due impression of the state of things in this country, without a dramatic liberty of speech, not proper for the pulpit. But if I could take you into one of the well-ordered families of England for one day; if you could see how the command is given—how peremptorily, decidedly, and without any suspicion that it can be disobeyed; and how it *is obeyed*, how instantly and unhesitatingly—you would see the difference, and understand the state of things with us, better than by any representations in my power to make. But I aver that in most families in this country, nine times out of ten, the parental command or direction is *not immediately obeyed!*—that there is pleading off from it, if not getting off from it, nine times in ten! * * * * *

* * * * Nature, I repeat, is a lawgiver. It says, "I am not to obey *thee*, but thou art to obey *me*." We talk, in the pride of modern scientific discovery, of subjecting, subjugating nature. It is a mere figure of speech. We discover a law of nature, and then conform to it; that is all we do. There is no principle of nature, but it is our master. Silent, invisible, impalpable it may be, but there it stands, as absolute as a despot. It is an unseen power, and may be unthought of, but it says, "obey!" It a man is a merchant, he must construct his ship upon *principles*, not established by *him*, but established in the nature of things. If he is a builder, he must build by plummet and rule; every beam or brick he lays, must conform to a line that stretches from nadir to zenith. If he is a farmer, he must plant and cultivate as nature commands him to plant and cultivate; the corn, the potato, the small grain, each after its kind, and each in its season. Nay, every literal step he takes, must be a step of obedience or of ruin. *All* must obey—every where—every instant. The monarch on his proudest throne, and the little child that plays by the hearth, are alike in that. Law, law is the ordinance, the power, the presence universal. If we ascend up into Heaven, it is there; if we descend into the abyss, it is there; if we take the wings of morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, it is there. Onward—onward through the infinite depths, rolls the everlasting order—from eternity to eternity. * * * * * *

* * * * In the order of society, some must command, and others must obey; some must give directions, and others must follow them. There can be no government, no civilization, no concert in business, no family order, without this. The people themselves may make the laws, or they may choose legislators to make them; but when they are made, they must be obeyed; or there is an end of government. So the employed must obey the employer—*i. e.* they must do what he wants them to do—his will, and not theirs, must have the ascendancy; or *there is an end of business—of building, or manufacture*, of all associated action. And so it is in schools of learning; there must be obedience, or there is no order, and no successful study. In these schools there is endless trouble in preserving good government; and if you ask intelligent teachers why this is so, you will find them pointing to the source of this almost *all* the trouble in the world, and saying, "*it is because there is no government at home.*" Let us go back then to the family discipline, and see if we can determine what it should be.

A parent is one, to whom is committed the charge of training beings, utterly ignorant, incapable of reasoning—incapable at first, *of knowing* the reasons of things—up to knowledge, virtue and happiness. To his care, to his love and tenderness, to his guidance and control, they are committed. His very position implies authority; divest it of that, and it loses all dignity, fitness and reasonableness. It cannot have been meant, that his wisdom should be thwarted, and his life distracted by the passion, caprice and wilfulness of his children; but that their passion, caprice and wilfulness should be subject to his authority. Could there be any such thing as compact, in the case, we should say, it is but a fair *compact* between the two—"I will train and take care of *you*, if you will obey *me*." It was never meant, in the ordinary course of things, that duties should be martyrdoms. And yet half a dozen little children, irrational beings, ungoverned or only half governed—wilful—breaking out constantly into screams of passion, turning things into perpetual disorder and disarray, doing this and that—running this way and that way, without check, or controlled only by momentary expedients to get along—must make of the mother's life, or of some other person's life who has the charge of them, a sort of living martyrdom. It is an absolute and enormous wrong in the nature of things. It must be a sad teaching of right to those young minds; for it is a wrong—it is positive unrighteousness, enacted into the very government, or rather misgovernment of a family.

And there is no necessity for it. These children can be governed. They were made to be governed. Obedience, in some respects, is natural to them; and they are trained, by neglect or by a false system of treatment, to a disobedience, that is unnatural and monstrous. A child disobeying its parents! God's law—nature's law—every law is against it. Let the rightful law be laid upon it from the *very beginning*. I am persuaded it is a great mistake we make, in supposing that nothing in this wise can be done, till the child is a year old. It would be nearer the truth to say, something can be done when it is a month old. Just as soon as it has a will, rising above instinct—*i. e.* a conscious and persisting will—that will should, on proper occasions, be gently and firmly restrained. And that discipline continued, ever gentle but firm—ever loving, considerate and sympathizing, but to its point, firm—from its point, immovable—will secure a patient and perfect obedience. If the child is never permitted to disobey, it will soon cease to think of it as possible. And it should *never be permitted!* I say it is a *sin before Heaven!* and is no more to be tolerated, than lying or stealing is to be tolerated in the house. Such a law established, and the house would be builded anew. Passionate self-will—the most hateful thing, I believe, on earth—would be driven out of it. The sacredness of obedience would order in. It would be that peace, that family love, which the Psalmist celebrates when he says, "How good and pleasant is it!" It would be like that fragrance of holy incense to which he compares it. It would be like "the dew of Hermon"—like "the dew that descended upon the mountain of Zion; where the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

Yes, the children themselves would be incomparably happy in obedience. We do them the cruellest wrong, if we give them up to their own self-will. To give them comfits and sweetmeats, that make them ill, because they cry for them, is but an illustration of the evil and wrong which we do, in this way, to their whole moral nature. It might seem at first sight, that indulgence would make them happier; and with many kind-hearted but mistaken parents, that is the plea; but it is not true. Wilfulness and waywardness, in child or man, is the unhappiest of all states of being. Ever in such state, are things growing worse—the craving for gratification more intense and more unreasonable—the whole life and being more distracted and miserable. Only when living under law—only when walking in obedience, is child or man, family or State, happy and truly prosperous. Selfish passion everywhere is anarchy, begetting injustice, and bringing forth destruction. The reign of conscience only is calm. The reign of order is "peace and quietness and assurance for ever."

But I must leave this topic, on which it were easy to enlarge, to say a word on the general subject.

And what I say, is, that there is danger—danger to the country—danger to the coming age—in this tendency to disobedience. Do you not see it? Are you not struck with the new character which childhood and youth are putting on among us? Think of such a fact as this! According to the presentment of a Grand Jury this year, in one of our cities,* four-fifths of the complaints have been against minors! and full two-thirds of all the complaints for crime *acted* on, during a late law-term, have been against persons between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one! But it is not necessary to go so far for examples. In this very service which we now hold, it will not be strange, if some rude sounds from without, shall give disagreeable evidence of the state of manners around us. I have lived two years in the cities of Continental Europe—*Catholic cities*—and, I say advisedly, that I witness every Sunday, ten times as much noise and disorder in these streets, as I ever witnessed there. There is a lesson upon our danger, in large print, to be read by nightly conflagrations;† and it *must* be read and *acted* on, or worse will come. And it is not in cities alone, but all over the country I see the evils of an undisciplined youth. It must be disciplined. Age and manhood, and paternity, and magistracy, must speak to it, and must be heard.

I plead not merely for the comfort and order of our maturer life—though they are arguments—but I plead for the young themselves. They are put helpless into our hands; and they demand our culture—our care. Theirs is an unprotected state; and we are their guardians. They are *children*—with natures tender, susceptible, liable to go wrong, and doomed, if they go wrong, to unutterable sorrows during unknown years to come; and those natures cry out to us for guidance and restraint. They know no *better*—if they are not *taught* better—than to go astray. There is not a plea on earth so piteous and touching as that cry of neglected childhood—saying, "Take care of us—watch over us—keep and guard us from the evils that we know not of, but that *ye* know—save us from the dark and sorrowful years—teach us betimes, what is good—teach us obedience, teach us truth and wisdom; lead us in the way in which we should go." Oh! the hopes of coming years—shall they all be crushed down in the mire of city vice and vileness? While all other youth is bright and fair, shall *this*, the youth of man alone—be marred and ruined? This poor, crushed childhood—shall it experience a life-time of misery, ere it blossoms into life? Well says the poet,

"Do you hear the children weeping, oh my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
* * * * * *
"The young lambs are sporting in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the West.
"But the young, young children, oh my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free."

Does the picture or the language seem to you fanciful? You would not think so, if you were acquainted with the state of the poorest and lowest childhood in many of our cities—perhaps in this. There is a suffering of neglected, abused, perverted childhood, more fitted to move pity, I think, than any other suffering in the world. It is a relief to see that the attention of the humane and philanthropic, is beginning to be directed to this quarter. * * * *

* * * * I throw down a remark or two on an unoccupied page, upon the character which *boyhood is taking on among us*—or rather, upon the new and extraordinary *relations* which are arising in this country *between the young, and the more advanced in life*. It is without a precedent in all history! There never was anything, quite equal, either to the presumption of the young, or to the *meekness and acquiescence of the elders* in this matter. Men, advanced beyond the middle of life, are called "old fogies," by their juniors; and as if this were not slang unfit for the very *street*, it is carried up into Congress; and grave legislators accept the title, and bandy it about in their speeches, as a good jest. In *Society*, and especially in our cities, people are scarcely married and settled in life, before they are regarded as on "the *shady side*" of their day, and are treated accordingly—and by whom? Why, by boys and girls, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one. I hear constant complaints of this, and my reply is constantly the same—"If there is not manly and womanly sense and authority enough among you, to repress and put down such folly, you ought to suffer." But this extraordinary deference does not stop here—it extends to noisy and impertinent boys in the streets, in public places, at railway-stations, and wherever boys congregate. The elders say, "This is a free country, what right have we to the street or the station, more than they? They may *insult* us, if we interfere—throw sticks or stones at us—and what can we do?" It is a *fact*—this language is *used*; I have often *heard* it. With a view to satisfy my curiosity on this point, and perhaps to feel the public pulse, I have put the following question to half a dozen gentlemen in one of our cities, and have uniformly received the same answer: "If as you are going down town, you should approach a dozen boys playing on the side-walk, and obstructing it, so that you could not conveniently pass—which would you do? would you say, 'Boys, you must not gather here in this way and occupy the walk'—or would you get down off from the side-walk into the street—go round—and come on to the walk again when you had got by?" And they all said, "We should go round!" Now, if men choose to abdicate all the rights—all the proper authority of manhood—they can do so; but I must say, that I know of no greater, or more gratuitous, or more perilous mistake they could commit. Men *can* speak gently and firmly to *boys*, and be *listened to*. But if not—if every thing is to yield and give way before the heedless rush of youthful impertinence, this will become, before many years, an intolerable country to live in.

But the subject is too vast to be discussed in a note. Our *Democratic deference* in some directions, is going a great deal too far; and our *absorption in business* is such, I fear, that we have no time for many of our duties, and least of all, for our domestic duties.

We have thus quoted the larger portion—in fact, almost the whole—of Mr. Dewey's discourse. The exceptions we take to it are as follows:

No one is more ready to admit than we are, the duty and beauty of obedience—from children towards their parents, and from both to the just laws of the land, and to the Almighty Lawgiver. But we make a distinction between true and simulated obedience—between that obedience which is of the heart, and that which is *merely outward, assumed and hypocritical*. The first we value as of great price; the second we value at less than nothing.

But, so far as the relation between parent and child is concerned, there is something even higher than obedience—more necessary to the happiness of both, and to the welfare of the latter. We mean the preservation and strengthening of the natural feeling of love, of sympathy, between the two. To keep alive this love, this sympathy, so that it may strike its roots deeper and wider with every successive year, and that the sunshine and the storms of childhood alike may but serve to strengthen and invigorate it, is the *chief* thought of every wise and judicious parent. Unless this can be done, the parent must become ignorant, as his child advances in life, of its real desires, hopes and fears, and its true nature. He will find a wall built up between him and his son or daughter, which almost puts it beyond his power to render efficient aid to them in the many difficulties and entanglements which beset the path of every one about entering upon the broad arena of the world. He has lost, or has never won, his child's confidence—and his own blood is in reality a stranger to him; no longer a true son, or a true daughter, but one only so in name.

Now we do not mean to assert that the preservation and culture of this love and sympathy are not entirely compatible with the cultivation of a feeling of reverence, prompting to due obedience on the part of the child toward the parents. But we do mean to say that in the too hasty endeavor to secure obedience, many a parent secures merely the outward show of it; and pays for this mere sham, this veriest shell, the terrible price of the love and sympathy of his child.

Mr. Dewey may urge that he does not counsel a resort to severe measures to enforce obedience. Probably he does not mean it—or will not upon reflection. But the effect of his Discourse is to produce in the minds of those who are captivated by its apparent soundness and truth, such an over-estimation of the value of instant and unquestioning obedience, as to cause them to resolve that it—or the show of it—is worth purchasing at almost any price. This is why we termed the Discourse not only to a considerable degree erroneous, but mischievous.

This is no new subject to us—as we should judge it was to Mr. Dewey. We not only have thought long and seriously upon it ourselves, but we are greatly indebted to the counsels of several aged men and women, whose wisdom is that of experience, acquired in the successful bringing up of large families. These venerable fathers and mothers in Israel, began with their oldest children where Mr. Dewey is, and left off with their younger ones where we are. Therefore we feel less hesitancy in expressing our strong dissent from Mr. Dewey's views upon this subject—or rather, from the opinions and practices that will be almost universally deduced from such views by his hearers and readers—because we seem to ourselves but the spokesman, as it were, of aged and venerable persons, to whom this subject was one of the most important in life, and who have tested their conclusions by the experience of almost half a century.

But are children to be allowed to run at riot—to indulge every wilful whim and humor? By no means. If they be of sufficient age to understand you—and this will be very early—resort to reason, and to appeals to their conscience and feelings. Think not that such reasonings and appeals are wasted, even if they produce no immediate effect. This is the bread cast upon the waters, which shall return after many days. The farmer does not expect an immediate crop when he scatters his seed; he is willing to wait months for his harvest. And if the fruits you have endeavored to sow do not spring up at once in your child's mind, it may be a proof that his nature is a deep and strong one. In the parable, it was the seed sown in places where there was not much depth of earth, that soon sprang up, but also soon withered away.

But this process of appealing to the reason, conscience and feelings of your child, is troublesome—it is not to be endured. As Dr. Dewey says: "Half-a-dozen little children, irrational beings, wilful, turning things into perpetual disorder and disarray, &c., make of the mother's life a sort of living martyrdom." Very true—but to what means will you resort to help it? That is the question, which Mr. Dewey has almost entirely avoided. He says, indeed, that the child's will should be from the first "gently but firmly restrained"—that it "should *never* be permitted to disobey;" and, "if it is never permitted to do so, it will soon cease to think of it as possible." Very true again—but very ideal. The child *will* disobey at times—if only treated "gently but firmly." You will have to *suffer* it, whether you "permit" it or not. And how shall you help it—how obtain "indemnity for the past, and security for the future?" In accordance with the spirit of the Discourse before us, some will say that this disobedience must not be permitted, even if the "gently but firmly" rule has to be flung to the winds—that obedience must be obtained, in all cases, at any cost of necessary severity. This is the old rule, and the world is even now recoiling from its bitter fruits. Every one knows that you can scold and cuff and whip children into a kind of outward order and obedience, at least so long as you continue with them; but have you made them truly orderly and obedient thereby? No, you have not implanted the first germs of true order and true obedience in their hearts. But you have implanted or fostered hypocrisy, cunning, anger, and hatred. You have saved yourself some trouble for the time, by putting it out to accumulate at interest for the days of later boyhood and early manhood. You have struck a serious blow at the cord of natural affection which Providence has placed between you and your child. You have lost, to a degree, the power of real control over him. You have done nothing to make him an orderly, but something towards making him hereafter a lawless member of society; whom society will only be able to control by similar means to those to which you have accustomed him.

Besides, just think of it. This trouble you are seeking to avoid, is the moral education of your child—which is tenfold more important than that which you pay schoolmasters and professors expressly to devote their time and talents to.—If your children—*your children*, remember—are a band of such little natural outlaws, what better or nobler work can you be engaged in, than their moral culture and improvement—not upon the shallow plan of cleansing "the *outside* of the cup and the platter," but by beginning at the mind, heart and soul. We send missions, at great trouble and expense, to those grown children, the Heathen,—not to beat *them* into the truth, but to bear with all their whims and caprices, in order that we may make an effectual work of it—a heart and soul-deep one—at last. And shall we grumble at the labor of bestowing the necessary moral and religious education upon our own children? Especially when we remember that our children are what they are, because we are what we are. That it is because "the fathers have eaten sour grapes" that "the children's teeth are set on edge."

But Mr. Dewey would always have instant and unquestioning obedience. We are sorry for him—but he cannot get it. It is not in the unregenerate nature of man. Even the Almighty Father—we trust we speak with due reverence—cannot often get it, even from grown-up men. Obedience!—why, it is the crowning glory of regenerate manhood. It is the diadem of the saints. And yet Mr. Dewey would have it, in its perfection, from weak, uneducated children!

But we can tell him what he can have—he can have something that looks like it, that dull eyed men often take for it. He can have the counterfeit, the pretence, the shell and husk; if this will satisfy him, he can have it. And the world, almost up to the present day, has been almost satisfied with it. President Edwards' children did not dare even to sit down in their parents' presence. We have heard sad stories of how his descendants illustrated the value of such rigid discipline. There was a time when this kind of forced reverence was universal; but the results were what might be supposed. Even to this day, we have instances of family government of this character; but the result is not such as to enamour the world of it. "Ministers' children" have passed into a proverb. And we have no doubt that the experience of almost every reader will confirm the assertion, that in proportion to the rigidness with which the reins of discipline are held at home, is the rebound into the gaieties, pleasures and dissipations of the world when the weight of the parental hand is necessarily withdrawn.

And it is because this forced obedience has been proved so worthless, that it is gradually passing away, and moral and spiritual means of governing the young are more and more resorted to. Even those who have not fully adopted the new ideas upon this subject, are satisfied that the old plan was a mistake, that there is a "better way," and are resolved to find it.

Mr. Dewey speaks of "a well ordered English family," of the "peremptory" command and the "unhesitating" obedience; but we will warrant it often is the veriest outside affair—that, when the sons are from beneath the paternal eye, they talk, as English novels bear witness, of "the governor" and the "old gentleman," and take the other usual privileges of the enslaved by making up in ridicule and license without, for an enforced decorum within. Not that we see anything ignoble in complying with just and reasonable demands; but we do see something tyrannical, and not truly parental, in a parent's peremptorily commanding where he should mildly request. Even a prudent employer is careful how he multiplies commands, where a suggestion or request would do as well. And he is not a wise parent who constantly uses the tone and manner of a dictator with his children. It is not his prerogative—it is neither just nor right. It does not befit fallible man. The clear, spontaneous judgment of the child revolts from it. The free-agency which his Creator has implanted within him—which does not lie slumbering until he is twenty-one, and then spring forth all perfect—revolts from it. He feels that he is not a machine or a slave, to be ordered about constantly, even by his parent; but a free, accountable and reflecting being. He feels that his parent is bound to take this into consideration; and, in proportion to the very nobility of his nature, he resents the attempt to make a mere machine, or a mere slave of him.

And a parent who abstains from useless commands will not find his authority lessened thereby. Commands are his heavy guns, which he keeps in reserve for great occasions. But if he has managed rightly, and had fair material to deal with, he will seldom have need to use them. His mere request or opinion will suffice. The child that at three years of age was almost unmanageable, and upon whom words and even tears seemed to produce no effect—at the age of seven or eight begins to show decided proofs of the wisdom of that patience, gentleness, earnest reproof and tender exhortation which, even to the eye of faith, sometimes seemed to be thrown away upon him. And at ten or twelve, you have a *truly* obedient child before you. One who obeys because he both respects and loves you—who acknowledges that you are his master, his father, in all the Christian virtues which your words and conduct have taught him to rightly appreciate. Whose love has strengthened with his years. Whose sympathy leads him to confide in you, and ask your counsel in all cases of doubt and difficulty. Who converses in a perfectly free and unconstrained manner before you—letting you thus see into his inmost heart. Who desires your companionship in his sports, much more in his walks and rides. And, as the boy grows into the man, he becomes more and more your companion, confidant and friend. Oh, this is the relationship which should exist between parent and child—the only one that we can imagine the blessed Saviour to gaze down upon with those benignant eyes. Surely this is a full reward for the care and trouble of the child's early years—for the extra labor of giving him a true moral education, instead of pursuing "the short and easy," "instant obedience or I whip you" plan. But you cannot have it without the cost—it is like everything else in this world, if you wish it, you must "pay the price and take it." It must be sought for, labored for, often in much discouragement, often in much weariness of spirit. But if you succeed at the end, you have saved your child.

Note.—Of course we do not approve of "giving children comfits, sweetmeats, &c., because they cry for them." Neither would we carry our dislike to physical coercion so far as not to interpose between the child and what would injure it. It is always well to remember, however, that there is a great and self-evident difference between physical constraint and a blow. As to what Mr. Dewey says about "laying the rightful law upon children from the *very beginning*,"—we think it a very dangerous experiment to try much compulsion—except, of course, to effect the necessary washing, dressing, &c.,—with children who are unable to talk. We have known infants to be scolded when they were sufferers, not offenders. In relation to the proportion of crime committed in New York by minors, we have very little doubt that London could fully match it; and no doubt at all that the parents of these lads, in both cities, belong to a class that would yield a hearty assent to the most stringent portions of Mr. Dewey's Discourse. As to the deference shown to the young in American society, that is because society in this country, so far, has been generally viewed simply as a means of bringing young, marriageable people together for the purpose of choosing suitable companions for life. As the selections are made, those chosen, of course, withdraw, or appear but as intruders. As the country advances in age, wealth and intellectual culture, this will alter. Even now, we are told, in Washington society, young men are quite at a discount. As to the noisy and impertinent boys in the streets of cities, they are those often who have been driven by ill-judged harshness from their homes, or whose homes have never been made pleasant and attractive to them. And as to the boys playing on the sidewalks, as the sidewalks are about the only places in the cities where they can play, and as play is very necessary for them, we are pleased to hear that gentlemen generally walk around, instead of through them; though we have never observed this in our experience. We know when we used to play marbles on the sidewalks, the grown-up people, especially the ladies with their dresses, incommoded us greatly—making regular sea-strikes sometimes among the marbles.

* New York

† The allusion is to frequent fires in the city of Washington, commonly attributed to boy-incendiaries.

Mrs. Stowe and Rev. H. W. Beecher, versus the New York Observer and Rev. Dr. Parker.—A long and somewhat fierce newspaper controversy is now being waged between the above parties, originating in a passage which occurs in that widely-circulated work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," respecting a sentiment expressed by the Rev. Dr. Parker relative to slavery. It seems that Mrs. Stowe, finding her authority in an uncontradicted statement which appeared in many of the newspapers, represented the Rev. Dr. Parker as being responsible for the following language:

"Slavery has "no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relation in social and domestic life."

The Doctor appears to have taken no notice of this at first; but perceiving that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was having a very extensive circulation not only in this country but in England, he wrote several letters to Mrs. Stowe, remonstrating against what he asserted to be a perversion of his real language, and, finally, threatening her with a libel suit for the injury done to his character, estimating his damages at some $20,000. Mrs. Stowe could not be induced at first to believe that she had misstated him; but, as the matter grew somewhat serious, she looked closer at Dr. Parker's proofs, and found that she had—his real language being said to be as follows:

"What then are the evils inseparable from slavery? There is not one that is not equally inseparable from depraved human nature in other lawful relations."

Our readers who have the organs of causality and comparison tolerably well developed, will perceive that there is a difference in the meaning of the two sentences. The difference consisting, as we take it, simply in this—that Mrs. Stowe makes Dr. Parker allege that to be true of "*any* other relation," which he only affirms of certain "other lawful relations." Therefore, if Mrs. Stowe had simply said *other relations*, instead of saying "*any* other relation," she would have correctly quoted Dr. Parker's language.

In making the retraction which Mrs. Stowe agreed to, a card was drawn up—but neither Dr. Beecher, who represented his sister, or Dr. Parker, was satisfied with it. The former then drew up a series of letters, setting the matter right, and had them published, as he says, with Dr. Parker's full consent. The letters, however, we judge, were taken exception to by the latter's friends, as not containing a sufficient amount of the *amende honorable*, and Dr. Parker denies that he ever did more than say that he would take them into consideration, without in any way authorising their publication. The question thus becomes one of veracity between the two reverend gentlemen—and, before it is settled, there is every reason to fear that a large quantity of pens, ink and paper will be consumed, and an even greater amount of bad feeling engendered. As to the original controversy, it will puzzle common readers to see why Dr. Parker should have been so indignant at Mrs. Stowe's quotation, when he really did say what he did—while even uncommon ones will despair of ever being able to see how damages to the amount of $20,000, or even $20, could be collected for the difference between the true and the false version.

Cuba.—The authorities of Cuba recently took the liberty of refusing to allow the steamship Crescent City either to land her passengers or the mails at Havana; but directed her commander, Capt. Porter, to leave the port immediately, without having any communication with the shore. They even refused to receive the gallant Captain's Protest, except through the American Consul,—and, unfortunately, that functionary was absent from his post. The cause of this action on the part of the Cuban Government, was its dislike to Mr. Smith, the purser of the Crescent City, whom it accuses of being an agent of the American conspirators, and the author of certain false and malicious letters to the New York papers, calculated to breed rebellion and filibusterism. The Havana mails and passengers were taken by the Crescent City to New Orleans, from which place the former were sent to Mobile, to try their chance again in the Black Warrior.

In New Orleans, this affair has created considerable excitement, and a large indignation meeting was called in reference to the "outrage." In this part of the country, there is a general desire to know how far it is an outrage—what are our rights and the rights of Cuba, in this respect, according to our treaty with Spain, and the Law of Nations—before expressing an opinion upon it. That the affair is a decidedly uncivil one, all admit—but then Cuba has had no small amount of provocation. Invading expeditions against her being openly advocated, and men openly recruited in this country—all being based upon information contained in inflammatory statements purporting to emanate from Havana, which statements have generally been found afterwards to be almost entirely destitute of truth. Granting that Purser Smith is an agent of the Filibuster combination, the question is, how far has the Cuban Government a right to go, in excluding him, and the vessel of which he is an officer, from its territory.

More New Yorkism.—The musical critic of the New York Herald, in recording the offer of Madame Alboni to give two more concerts before leaving that city, says:—

This announcement was received with enthusiastic cheers; and when Madame Alboni herself came forward, the applause was tremendous, and lasted fully five minutes, the audience thus testifying how grateful they felt for *the condescension which Madame Alboni had exhibited in allowing the public opportunities of hearing her again.*

Of course such toadyism as this should not militate against Madame Alboni, who seems to have conducted herself so far, upon all occasions, in a very lady-like and dignified manner.

Another Case of Conscience.—Cases of conscience, for small amounts, are becoming alarmingly frequent. We recently received an anonymous letter from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, which reads as follows:—

Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

To whomsoever were the proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, in 1838, this money belongs.

Inclosed was twenty-five cents.

Two Falsehoods Nailed.—That Mr. King, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, is a near relative and bosom friend of the odious family of "Kings" of Europe; and that Mr. Graham, the Whig candidate for the same office, is the Graham of sawdust pudding and bran bread notoriety. Arise, freemen, in your might! elect both of these much villified gentlemen, and save your country!

Bishop Doane.—The trial of the Bishop of New Jersey is now proceeding, with closed doors, at Burlington. Eighteen out of twenty-eight Bishops of the American Episcopal Church, are present.

The Methodist Church Case.—Happening to glance over the report of the Referee in the great Methodist Church case, we came across the following singular statement. The Referee, it will be recollected, was appointed to ascertain the value, &c., of the Book Concern, the property in dispute. He says, in the course of his report:—

In the management of said Book Concern it was the duty of the trustees to render a particular account and estimate of the value of the property and effects of the Book Concern, and the net profits thereof, to the Annual Conference. The accounts so rendered to the Conferences since the division of the Church were produced before me, and are hereto annexed and marked as exhibits. These accounts and estimates so rendered, the counsel for complainants (the Church South) contend, if not conclusive, are at least most forcible evidences of the property and value of the Book Concern as against the defendants in the case, and is not to be rebutted, except upon the most complete and undoubted testimony. The trustees and agents of the Book Concern *who made up and reported these accounts and estimates now swear that they are erroneous, by being altogether too high, and the alleged excess amounts to a very large sum*, which makes the question as to the character and effect of that evidence one of some importance. The counsel for the complainants (Church South) contend that the declarations of the trustees, especially in this apparently formal and considerate manner, being the declarations of common agents in the course of their business, is not only evidence, but evidence of binding force against the defendant or beneficiaries. That the declarations of an agent made in the course of and within the scope of his business, is binding upon his principal, is not to be questioned or doubted, but this I conceive relates to what he says when dealing with third parties. What an agent says to his principal while giving him an account of his proceedings, or favoring him with his opinion or estimates of the value of his estate, if any evidence at all, is of but comparatively little force—(see 5 Taunt., R. 511, ib. 565, 568)—and it seems to me that the Reports made by the Book Agents to the Annual Conferences are to be regarded in the light of declarations made by an agent to his principal, while giving an account of his actings and doings. *As these agents, therefore, who made these estimates, and who of course know how and what they estimated, now swear that they are erroneous and over-estimated*, I have taken their *testimony on oath*, before me, instead of their *unsworn* statements to the Conferences, as the evidence of value, no other or better having been produced before me.

The above, as it reads, is calculated to bear very unfavorably upon the trustees and agents of the Book Concern, in the minds of impartial business men. We trust, therefore, that if there are good reasons for their course in refusing to be governed, in estimating the value of the Concern, by their own previous Reports to the Annual Conferences, they will be immediately submitted to the public.

The Duke of Wellington.—Those who have sickly children may derive some consolation from the fact—not by any means an isolated one—that Arthur, Duke of Wellington, proverbially strong as his constitution afterwards became, was in his earlier days subject to attacks of sickness and debility, which not unfrequently threatened to be fatal.

It is a little curious that the exact date of the birth of this younger son of a noble house, is uncertain; not even the place of his birth is accurately known. It is generally supposed that he was born on the first of May, at Dangan Castle, County Meath. Others say that he was born at Mornington House, in Dublin, some time before the 30th of April. While the Duke himself kept the 18th of June as the anniversary of his birth. It is certain that he was born in Ireland, in 1769, the year which also gave Napoleon to the world.

The Dublin Nation, we see it stated, says that the Duke was "one of the best Britons and worst Irishmen that ever lived!" It also says that wherever the British Flag is unfurled a tear will be shed for him, except in his native island, where the announcement of his death was received with perfect indifference. But the Nation is hardly correct in calling him an Irishman. In certain cases, there is a great deal of truth in what another Irishman said—"An' sure, if a man were born in a stable, would he be a horse?" And the Duke was not really Irish—but English; alike by ancestry, and in feeling. Both his father and mother were of English lineage—one being a Colley of Castle Carbery, and the other a Wesley of Dangan Castle. And their celebrated son, *the* Duke, was an English aristocrat, not the less because he happened to be born in a conquered island, where his ancestors had seen fit to take up their abode.

In relation to the famous phrase "Up, boys, and at 'em," which the Duke is reported to have used when commanding the last and victorious charge of the whole British line at Waterloo, after the repulse of the "Old Guard" with Ney at its head, it is well known that Wellington always denied it. "I never could have said any such thing," said he; "I remember very well that I caused them to lie down for shelter behind a rising ground, and by that means saved many of their lives; but 'Up, boys, and at 'em!' is all nonsense." Even the Duke himself will hardly be taken as sufficient evidence in this matter. It is not to be supposed that historians and orators will forego the use of such a pungent little tit-bit, upon any authority whatever.

Curious.—A confidential clerk in the house of Brown, Brothers & Co., New York,—a son of Mr. Bowen, one of the partners—was recently arrested on a charge of embezzling the sum of $220,000 in the course of the last two years. The charge is denied—young Mr. Bowen averring that he only loaned the money to a broker named Comstock, who having failed in the crisis of 1837 for $900,000, has been living in great style since, at the handsome $40,000 villa (mortgaged of course), called "Rose Bank." Whichever may be the fact, however—embezzled or loaned—the money is not come-at-able; save only some fragments, say from twenty to fifty thousand dollars.

The curious part to us of this affair, is that the firm should only recently have missed the money. We do not think any confidential clerk of ours could abstract $220,000, or anything like it, from our funds in the space of two years—at least, without our soon missing it. But the affair has not even touched the credit of Brown, Brothers & Co. We think these gentlemen must be, to use a common phrase, "well off."

Worth Extracting.—Of the original poetry that we receive for publication, there is scarcely one poem in twenty that contains one good line, or one original, or even originally-expressed, idea. A poem called "The Forest Tree," by "Gamma," of Emory, Va., received last week, however, contains the following, which is worthy of being extracted from the common-place verses by which it is surrounded. The author is speaking of the forest trees of a more celestial land:

"Those fairy trees ne'er fade.
But bloom in endless Spring
With them there is no shade,
God shines through everything."

We are not entirely certain that the idea is a pleasant or a beautiful one; but its novelty redeems it from the usual condemnation.

The Lobos Bungle.—A late account says that the ship Manlius, of Boston, Captain Baker, had reached the Lobos Islands, and, being ordered off by a Peruvian brig, *refused to leave*—the gallant Yankee having a certified copy of Mr. Webster's famous first letter in his pocket, which he read four times every day, to assure himself of the strength of his position—once after breakfast, once at noon, and twice before going to bed in the evening. The Manlius was lying off and on, waiting the arrival of the American Squadron, under Commodore Macauley. We trust that the latter will get his second set of instructions, before he reaches the islands.

Tribune of the People.—Such is the name of a paper recently started in this city, to support the Pittsburg Platform. It is published by "Thomas, Sailer, & Wilmer," and the poet Duganne is the corresponding editor. The copy before us contains a portrait of our friend William J. Mullen, whom everybody knows—himself not excluded—as one of the greatest philanthropists of the age; being President of some dozen praiseworthy institutions, and simple member of something less than forty thousand. May his shadow, and certificates of membership, never be less.

☞ Ole Bull has accepted an invitation to deliver one or more concerts in Lancaster, during the Agricultural Fair. We advise Ole, if he wishes to please the multitude who will be present, not to stand "tuning his fiddle"—as many will consider it—all through the concert; but give them plenty of "good tunes," such as Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, "Last Rose of Summer," "Old Folks at Home," &c.

☞ The Hon. Mr. Soule having said, in a recent speech at Boston, that "no sooner had Jefferson ascended the steps of the Capitol, than with one hand he erased from the statute book the Alien and Sedition laws, while with the other he annexed Louisiana to the Union;" the "Transcript" replies that the Alien and Sedition laws "*never were repealed*, but expired by limitation."

The Yankee Card Writer.—This gentleman, Mr. O. Sackett, has sent us as a specimen of his skill, some visiting cards very prettily written. He says that every one who is anybody, now, is throwing away the engraved cards in disgust. He ought to know.

Easton and Water Gap Railroad.—A large and respectable meeting of our citizens, recently held at Sansom Street Hall, passed strong resolutions in favor of this contemplated road—recommending subscriptions to it by the city and the various municipalities of the county.

The Potato Disease.—Mr. Lewis Whitlock, *of Brandon*—no State is mentioned, and we have lost the envelope—writes to us that he has discovered the cause of the Potato Rot, and a remedy for the same. He has tried the latter four years with entire success, under circumstances the most conclusive. He says—"The cause I find to be entirely different from any that I have seen published. My remedy will effectually answer the end sought, in all soils and circumstances." He does not wish to promulge the secret, however, until he is certain of a reward in dollars and cents for so doing; and asks us how he is to bring the matter about. He says he only wishes the reward to be guaranteed, until the remedy is generally tried; when if successful, he wishes it of course paid over. Our duty is done in the premises, by laying his declarations and query before the public. We would advise him, however, to submit the matter to the nearest Agricultural Society, and get them to appoint a committee to test his discovery, under proper pledges of secrecy. Then let him carry their favorable verdict—*if he can get it*—to the Legislature of his own State, or to Congress.

A Sign of the Times.—Every one who makes a discovery nowadays, of any kind, straightway turns about to find some way of realizing its value in gold and silver. We believe that if a man were to discover a certain cure for all diseases, he would allow some two or three generations to die from plagues and pestilences, before he would divulge it without a reward in the shape of some hundreds of thousands of dollars. We doubt whether an age more given to Mammon worship was ever known from the beginning of the world. A certain scriptural phrase is now practically altered to read: You must contrive somehow both to serve God and Mammon.

Our Language.—It is surprising to an American, visiting England, that in certain portions of the island they speak the American language almost equal to a native.

New Publications.

Philosophers and Actresses. By Arsene Houssaye, author of "Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century," &c. In two volumes. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The author of this book prefaces it by defining all men to be philosophers, and all women to be actresses, and on this unlimited ground proceeds to take the largest liberty in his choice of subjects, ranging every where, at will, and thus making a *melange* of biographic and fanciful sketches. "The House of Scarron," "Voltaire," "Raoul and Gabrielle," "A Romance on the Banks of the Signon," "Abelard and Heloise," "The Daughter of Sedawe," and "Marie de Joysel," are some of the subjects dashed off with a clever volatility peculiar to certain French writers, and perhaps agreeable to the taste of French readers, but quite the contrary to one with an American heart and conscience. The numerous pictures of "la belle passion," which are meant to be the chief attraction of the book, are such as only a lunatic or a Frenchman could perpetrate. A handsome portrait of Voltaire embellishes the first volume, and one of Madame de Parabère the second.

Pioneer Women of the West. By Mrs. Ellet. Author of "The Women of the American Revolution," &c. New York: Charles Scribner. For sale by A. Hart, Phila.

A very interesting book—one that had a good right and even indisputable claim to be written—which is more than can be said of the mass of publications in this day. It contains no less than fifty-nine characters, set forth in a series of authentic sketches, that exhibit in true and strong colors the realities of pioneer life in the West. The dangers, and privations, and excessive hardship of that life can only be clearly conceived through such details as are here presented, and the brave and buoyant spirit with which such trials were encountered is an instructive lesson to the women of this calmer time.

Miscellaneous.

COUNTERFEIT BANK NOTES.

The immense number of counterfeit bank notes constantly in circulation throughout the country, is sufficient evidence of the absolute necessity of a complete and thorough reform in the system of engraving and printing them. Those who have never had a "peep behind the scenes" are astonished that the counterfeits can be so perfectly executed, even supposing the right to make and issue them were recognized as lawful. Bank note engravers and bank directors have rested in security on the *secrecy* of their operations, and the expense and elaborate finish given to their work, but there are, at this day, no safeguards at all.

In a work before us, published by W. L. Ormsby, the steel and copper plate engraver, No. 12 Vesey Street, the whole subject is laid bare in a simple and straight-forward manner. Bank directors, certainly, should pause before ordering new and expensive plates on the present plan, and read and "inwardly digest" this valuable book.

The great evil exposed and to be guarded against is the "patch-work," comprising the present issues of bank bills. To understand this, let the reader remember that each separate portion of the engraving of a bank bill, originally comes from a separate plate. That is, the figure in the corner, the vignette in the centre, the end pieces, etc., were each in the first place engraved separately, and after they were once so produced, the same engraving has been made to serve on the bills of hundreds of different banks. To get up a new plate now-a-days, is merely to make up a new arrangement of these old engravings, *stereotype them*, by means of a press constructed for the purpose, and go on with the printing. Stereotypes of very many of these engravings have, in the course of time, got into the possession of counterfeiters, so that they can imitate genuine bills so closely as, in some cases, to defy detection. In fact, their work is quite as *genuine* as that produced by the bank note engravers.

The remedy for all this, proposed by Mr. Ormsby, is that each bank should adopt an original vignette of the full size of the bill itself, and that the lettering should be cut into or embodied with that vignette. In this way each different denomination would have a distinct and entirely different appearance from its neighbors, and the counterfeiter could only imitate a single issue with a single plate. No alterations could be made which would adapt the same plate to the issues of another bank, and hence the counterfeiter would find the expense of his plate far over-balancing the profits from the limited issue which he could get into circulation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Hillotype.—Professor Morse, the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph, publishes a long letter in the National Intelligencer of the 8th, sustaining Mr. Hill's claim of having discovered the mode of fixing the colors in Daguerreotypes. The latter is dated October 4th, as Mr. Morse, who, as an accomplished artist and colorist himself, would be presumed a competent judge, says that he has *seen* twenty specimens of Mr. Hill's colored Daguerrotypes. The *most* of these were, he says, like *all* those of M. St. Victor, "*copies of colored engravings.*" They were taken by the camera, and not, as has been reported, "mere transfers of colored prints;" but *all* were not "copies of colored engravings." Two were exquisitely beautiful portrait heads from life, and one a full-length of a child from life. One a landscape view from nature, principally buildings, which, although imperfect in parts, served from that very circumstance to verify to me the genuineness of the discovery. The colors in Mr. Hill's process are so fixed that the most severe rubbing with a buffer only increases their brilliancy, and no exposure to light has as yet been found to impair their brightness. They are produced in twenty seconds. Mr. Hill has been suffering from hemorrhage, which has interfered with his labors, but Mr. Morse says:—

"*Mr. Hill has made a great discovery.* It is not perfected. There is much yet to be done to make it perfect, but he is in advance of all others, and has, within the year, successfully overcome two of his difficulties. Both yellow and white were defective in quality and truth a year ago—both are now comparatively obtained. There are other colors which, in order to make them so true as to satisfy an artist's mind, will require yet further experiment. Is not this reason enough for not at present giving his process to the public? Who has a right to demand him to reveal it to the public now? Who, indeed, has a right to demand it at any time?"

A Chance for Poets.—We are informed by Mr. Strakosch that he offers two hundred dollars for the best poem for a song for Adelina Patti, the subject the "Child's Prayer." It must not exceed three stanzas of six lines each. Communications may be addressed to him at his Piano Emporium, 629 Broadway, New York, up to the 15th of December. The words will be put to music by Strakosch himself.—*Exchange.*

☞ A writer in the Cologne Gazette warns travellers proceeding to Austria to be cautious as to what books they take with them, as, if they come within the list of prohibitions, their possession involves a tedious examination, arrest, and perhaps a fine.

THE SIOUX WARRIOR'S RACE FOR LIFE.

During the Summer of 18—, soon after the difficulties with the Winnebago Indians had been suddenly adjusted by a visit of one of their chiefs to Washington, accompanied by Governor Cass, a Sioux Indian, while out hunting by the mouth of the Root River, shot and scalped a Winnebago, which act he attempted to justify by saying that the Winnebago had wrapped around his person the blanket of an Indian who, a short time previous, had murdered his brother. The Winnebagoes became indignant at the act, and two thousand of them assembled at Fort Crawford, and demanded of Colonel Taylor the procurement and surrender of the murderer.

The officers of the fort, apprehensive that difficulties might arise with this factious tribe, if their demands were unattended to, concluded to make an effort to obtain the murderer. Accordingly, an officer was despatched to demand him of the Sioux nation, who immediately gave him up, and he was brought down the river and confined at Fort Crawford. Soon after his arrival at the fort, the Winnebagoes again assembled and insisted upon an unconditional surrender of the prisoner to them, which Col. Taylor refused to make, but despatched Lieutenant R—— and Dr. Elwise, the surgeon of the garrison, to have a talk with them upon the subject. At the conference, the Winnebagoes talked in a threatening and overbearing manner, and insisted that nothing would satisfy them but taking the life of the Sioux in their own way and by themselves. At length Lieutenant R—— proposed that the Indian should have a chance for his life in the following manner:

Two weeks from that time he was to be led out upon the prairie, and in a line with him, ten paces off, was to be placed upon his right and left, twelve of the most expert runners of the Winnebago nation, each armed with a tomahawk and a scalping knife.

At the tap of a drum, the Sioux should be free to start for the home of his tribe, and the Winnebagoes free to pursue, capture, and scalp him if they could.

To this proposal the Winnebagoes acceded at once, and seemed much pleased with the anticipation of great sport, as well as an easy conquest of the prisoner, whose confinement in the garrison during two weeks they believed would prostrate whatever running qualities he possessed. Their best runners were immediately brought in, and trained every day in full sight of the fort. Lieut. R——, who had warmly enlisted in the cause of the Sioux, determined to have his Indian in the best possible trim. Accordingly, Elwise took him in charge, prescribing his diet, regulating the hours of repose, and directing the rubbing of his body twice a day with flesh-brushes immediately before he went upon the parade ground to perform his morning and evening trainings. In fact, so carefully was he trained and fitted for the race of life and death, that he was timed upon the parade ground the fourth day before the race, and performed the astonishing feat of forty-one miles in two hours, apparently without fatigue.

The day at length arrived. Thousands of Indians, French, Americans and others, had assembled to witness the scene. In fact, it was regarded as a gala day by all except the avenger of his brother Sioux. Lieutenant R——, on the part of the prisoner, and the celebrated warchiefs War-kon-shutes-kee and Pine Top, on the part of the Winnebagoes, superintended the arrangement of the parties on the ground. The point agreed upon for starting was upon the prairie, a little to the North of Prairie du Chien, and a few rods from the residence then occupied by Judge Lockwood, while the race-course ran along Nine Mile Prairie, stretching to the North, and skirting the shore of the Mississippi. The Sioux appeared on the ground, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, who were followed by twenty-four antagonists, marching in Indian file, naked, with the exception of the Indian breechlet. Their ribs were painted white, while their breasts were adorned with a number of hieroglyphical paintings. Across the face alternate stripes of black and white were painted in parallel lines, extending from the chin to the forehead.

The hair was platted into numerous thongs, fringed with bells, and tasseled with a red or white feather, while their moccasins were corded tightly around the hollow of the foot, as well as around the ankle, with the sinews of the deer. In the right hand each carried a tomahawk, while the left grasped the sheath that contained the scalping-knife.

The prisoner was about twenty-three years of age, a little less than six feet in height, of a muscular and well-proportioned contour, and manifested in the easy movements of his body, a wiry and agile command of his muscular powers. His countenance presented a wan and haggard appearance, as he stood upon the ground, owing partly to the rigid discipline he had undergone in training, and partly to his having painted his face black, with the figure of a horse-shoe in white upon his forehead, which denoted that he was condemned to die, with the privilege of making an effort to save his life by fleetness. Around his neck he wore a narrow belt of wampum, to which was appended the scalp he had taken from the Winnebago.

Soon after they had formed in a line, Lieut. R—— came up and took one of the moccasins off the Indian, and showed the chief that he thought it contained a thin plate of steel, and asked if he objected to it, to which they replied that he might carry as much iron as he pleased. Lieut. R—— having noticed at the same time that the countenance of the Indian presented a downcast and melancholy appearance, requested Mr. Elwise to come forward, who, after examining his pulse, reported that he was much excited, and that his nerves were in a tremulous condition.

Lieut. R—— immediately took him by the arm and led him out some distance from the line, when he asked him through his interpreter if he was afraid to run; to which he replied that he was not afraid to run with any Winnebago on foot, but he was afraid that he could not outrun all the horses that were mounted by armed Indians. The Lieutenant saw at once the cause of his alarm, and informed him that they should not interfere. He intended to ride the fleetest horse upon the ground, and keep near him, and as he was well armed, would see that no horseman approached with hostile intention. At this announcement the countenance of the Indian brightened up with a smile; his whole person seemed lifted from the ground as he turned to his position in the line with a stalwart stride. The chiefs and Lieutenant R—— soon after mounted their horses, and took a position directly in the rear of the prisoner. Spectators were removed from the front, when Lieutenant R—— gave the signal; the blow had scarcely reached the drum when the prisoner darted from his antagonists with a bound that placed him beyond the reach of the whirling tomahawk.

When the race was underway, many of his antagonists ran with great fleetness for a mile, when the distance between them and the Sioux began to widen rapidly, showing the superior bottom of the latter, acquired by the discipline of the white man.

At the end of two miles the last of the contending Winnebagoes withdrew from the chase; there was not an Indian horse upon the ground that could keep up with him after he had gone the first half mile. Lieutenant R——, finding his steed much fatigued, and the prairie free from enemies, reined up. The Indian did not look behind, nor speak, as far as he was followed or seen, but kept his eye steadily fixed upon the white flags, that had been placed at a distance of half-a-mile apart, in order that he might run upon a straight line.

It was soon reported by the Winnebagoes that he had been killed by one of their boys, who had been secreted by order of War-kon-shutes-kee, beneath the bank of the river, near the upper end of the prairie. This, however, proved not to be true. The boy had shot a Winnebago, through mistake, who, like himself, had been treacherously secreted for the purpose of intercepting the Sioux, who a few years ago was present at a treaty made by Governor Doty with the Sioux nation. He had then but recently required the rank of chief. He requested Governor Doty to inform him where Lieutenant R—— and Dr. Elwise were at that time, and was told that both had died in Florida. He immediately withdrew from the convention, painted his face black, and departed to the woods; nor could he be prevailed upon to come into the convention until he had gone through the usual ceremony of fasting and mourning for the dead.—*Galena (Illinois) Advertiser.*

☞ Punch is down upon the extravagantly paid sinecures of the English clergy; and begins a long address to the Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury as follows:—

"What a lucky man you are, Mr. Moore, Mr. Moore;
What a lucky man you are, Mr. Moore,
With nine thousand pounds a year,
For the filling of a sphere,
Of which the work is done while you snore, Mr Moore.
All the work of which is done while you snore."

☞ "News from the Fishing *Ground!*" ejaculated Mrs. Partington, as she laid down the newspaper. "Well, things ain't as they use to was. In my days fishes lived in *water*; they certainly did, Ike," she added, looking at the grinning urchin who sat whittling at her feet.—*Worcester Palladium.*

Clippings.

☞ The cause of the decline of the stage is now attributed to the increase of omnibuses.

☞ Punch, speaking of the influence of good dinners, says there is no diplomatic dispute in this world so large that "it cannot be covered with a table-cloth."

☞ It is an undoubted truth, that the less one has to do, the less time he finds to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and, therefore, one seldom does it at all; whereas, those who have a great deal of business, must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in.

☞ "I'll take the *responsibility*," said a parent, as he held out his arms to take the baby.

☞ Two thousand dollars is stated to be the sum Mr. Thackeray will receive from the Mercantile Library Association of New York for his lectures before that body.

☞ A Timely Warning.—The senior editor of the Amherst Cabinet, speaking of the rigid scrutiny which the characters of the Presidential candidates are undergoing, very devoutly exclaims: "How careful, then, we all ought to be as to what manner of persons we are, lest we may some time or other become candidates for the Presidency, to which we are all liable in this land of liberty, obligation, and responsibility."

☞ Lies are hiltless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

☞ When Horne Tooke was called before the commissioners to give an account of the particulars of his income, having answered a question which was asked, one of the *wise men* said, peevishly, that he did not understand his answer. "Then," said Tooke, "as you have not *half the understanding* of another man, you ought, at least, to have *double the patience*."

☞ It has been fully ascertained, says the report of a French commission, both at Paris and elsewhere, that rain water is a preventive of cholera.

☞ Father Mathew, the noted teetotaller, and five other Roman Catholic priests, have sailed for Calcutta. Their business in India is, it is reported, the foundation of a Romish see at Hyderabad.

☞ The emigration to Oregon overland, this season, it is said, will reach ten thousand persons. Some of them have reached the settlements, and report that they had but little trouble in crossing the mountains.

☞ On Sydney Smith's observing Lord Brougham's one horse carriage, he remarked to a friend, alluding to the B surrounded by a coronet on the panel, "There goes a carriage with a B outside and a *wasp* within."

☞ Mount Ætna is still in flames, and the vineyards of Milo, in the neighborhood of Catania, have all been devoured by the burning lava. The crater of the volcano seems a mammoth light-house, illuminated with a tower of gas.

☞ Children by Express.—Adams & Co.'s Express recently added a new feature to its facilities, by forwarding a female child, seven years old, from Washington City to its parents at Dayton, Ohio.

☞ The value of the guano on the Lobos Islands is said to be *two thousand millions of dollars*.

☞ Gen. Jackson's father was an Irishman; the first employment he had in Charleston, South Carolina, where he landed, was to carry a hod. The mother of Col. Fremont was a washer-woman!

☞ A respectable married lady was recently arrested, taken before a magistrate, and fined five dollars for plucking a rose at Greenwood Cemetery—an unnecessary degree of harshness.

☞ The "British Friend," the organ of the Society of Friends, gives a notice of a somewhat singular fund—a "fund for removing obstructions to matrimony among the lower class of Friends." A sum of £4,800 has been raised, the interest of which is to be disposed of according to the original purpose, "by a dred-poll entered into by the subscribers." Ten pounds are paid to every woman and man, two years members of certain meetings, provided they are not otherwise worth £20. The stock of this marriage company is lent on mortgage.

☞ God intended all women to be beautiful, as much so as the morning-glories and roses; and what He intended they should be, they would, if they would obey His laws, and cut indolence and corset-strings, and indulge in freedom and fresh air. For a girl to expect to be handsome with the action of her lungs depending on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape, is as absurd as to look for a tulip in a snow-bank, or a full-grown oak in a flower-pot.—*Dutchman.*

☞ An act was passed under Edward IV. to put down the mechanical manufacture of hats.

☞ Madame Goldschmidt (formerly Jenny Lind) has given 400,000 rix thalers for the establishment and support of schools for the education of girls in Sweden. A rix thaler is about 87½ cts.

☞ An author may write by the yard, and think by the inch; or write by the inch, and think by the yard.

☞ The Toledo Blade tells the story of a chap on their road, who, apprehending a collision *of the cars*, put his *life-preserver* on, blew it up, and, leaning his back against the side of the car, resigned himself to his fate!

☞ It is a singular fact, that the Duke of Wellington never visited Scotland. He is said to have entertained a superstition that a visit to that country would be fatal to him.

☞ Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches on Sundays.

☞ The case of Hon. E. A. Hannegan, charged with the murder of his brother-in-law, Capt. Duncan, while under the influence of liquor, has been dismissed, the Grand Jury failing to find an indictment against him. Right enough, we suppose, though it is well he was not a poor, uninfluential vagabond.

☞ Your cockney Londoner pronounces the river Thames, the Tems; Pall Mall he calls Pell Mell, and Mary-le-bone, Marrybun. Lord Derby is Darby, and so on.

POSTSCRIPT.

Pennsylvania Election.—At the time we write this, the indications are that the Democratic candidates for Judge of the Supreme Court and Canal Commissioner are elected—probably by an increased majority over that obtained by Bigler over Johnston last year.

The Democratic candidates for Congress have carried the First, Third and Fourth Districts, over their Whig and Native competitors—a candidate of each party being run in all these Districts, and fairly supported. In the Second District, Philadelphia City, Chandler, Whig, is re-elected.

We see returns showing that eleven Democratic Congressmen, and ten Whigs, have so far been elected. But we shall be able in our next paper to state how things really stand both as respects the Congressional Delegation and the Legislature.

In this City and County, Allen, Whig, is elected Sheriff over Peters by a large majority. The other City and County Officers are either Democratic, or divided between the two parties. In the County, the Democratic ticket for Legislature is elected, and in the City the Whig.

Ohio.—The first telegraphic news of the Ohio election, is rather favorable to the Whigs.

Later from California.—The Illinois arrived at New York on the 13th with the California mails of the 16th ult., and $1,600,000 in gold dust. She brings 300 passengers.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6's '56	108½	—	Southwark	77	—
" '62	114½	—	Kensington	61½	—
" '67	118½	—	P Township	31	31½
" '68	118½	—	Girard	14	14½
" 5s '53	101	102	Western	66	—
" '65	108	108½	Manuf&Mechs	29½	30
July Interest off			Bk of Com	48	—
Philada 6s	104½	105	Camden N J	58	60
" 5s	91	—	Germantown	64	—
" " Gas	103	104	Trust Bk Co	35	—
County 5s	92	—	Pitts'bg Bk	55	—
Penna 6s	100	101	M & M Pitts	55½	—
" 5s	96½	97	Exchange, Pitts	53	—
Kentucky 6s	116	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	92	92½	Louis, Ky	113	114
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	110	—
Cincinnati 6s	102	—	Northern	106	—
Tenn TNotes	55	65	Union, Tenn	89½	90
" bds 8s	98	100	Planters, Tenn	98	99
Schuyl N 6s	79½	80	Vicksburg	16	16½
" Int	53½	53½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	96½	96½	N O Gas Bk	120	125
" Int Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	18½	19
" Mort 6s	100	101	Lehigh Nav	63	64½
C & D C'l 6s	100½	101	C & Del Cal	105½	106
C & Am R bds	101½	102	Morris Cl	16½	16½
BeaMdw R 6s	87½	88	Penn&Ohio Cl	28	30
Susqueh Cl 6s	74	75	Union Cl	14½	15
Norrist'n R 6s	98	100	Cam&Am R	140	—
Harris R 6s	93	94	Penna R	46	46½
Wil R 6s	98	99	Bea Mdw R	24	25
Read R 6s	89½	90	Lykens Val R	15	—
" Mort 6s	99	100	North Am Cl	13½	14
U S Bk Notes	10	—	Susqueh Cl	13½	14
U S Bk Shares	4	4½	Norristown R	44	44½
N Amer Bk	155	156	Harrisburg R	50	51
Penna Bk	119	119½	Wilmington R	35	—
Philadelphia	148	149	Reading R	49½	49
Far & Mec	73½	74½	Minehill R	62	—
Commercial	63	63½	N Liberty Gas	20	26
N Liberty	49	50	N W Min Co	—	85
Mechanics	30	30½			

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Lectures, General News, Comic and other Engravings, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first-class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Lord Hardinge has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army, in place of the late Duke of Wellington.

The Earl of Darby intimates, that the funeral of the Duke will take place as early as possible after the meeting of Parliament. His remains are to rest beside those of Lord Nelson, in the Cathedral of St. Paul.

The distribution of the honors and offices held by the late Duke, in addition to the command of the army, being given to Lord Hardinge, Lord Fitzroy Somerset has been named as Master-General of Ordnance, and Prince Albert has been assigned the Colonelcy of the Grenadier Guards.

The steamer Panama arrived at Southampton, from Chagres, with $1,500,000 in gold dust. The ship Swift was also on her way, with $1,000,000.

An advertisement appears in the London papers, for the formation of a Joint Stock Company for working gold mines in Virginia.

The wheat crops, on the whole, would be under the average in quantity, while the quality in most instances would be inferior.

The American Guano Expedition to the Lobos Islands was creating much uneasiness among the dealers in Guano and Peruvian bond-holders. Fears of a collision were beginning to be entertained.

On the 27th, Cotton between middling and good had advanced ⅛d., Flour had declined 3d. to 6d. per barrel, and Indian Corn was firm.

The Iron trade was much excited. Some manufacturers were advocating another rise of 20s. per ton.

In the Woollen districts the home and foreign demand was favorable.

Haynau and Teleky.—Count Ladislas Teleky publishes in the London Morning Advertiser several letters which he has written to Haynau, accusing him of the murder of thirteen distinguished Hungarians, and asking personal satisfaction of Haynau. The Count says: "An individual who, after having committed the crimes of General Haynau, and having been treated as he has been everywhere—an individual who has been insulted, cudgelled, spat upon, and covered with every shame, is still capable, after all his excesses, of refusing me that satisfaction which I demanded, deserves no more than I should notice him, at a distance, by the publication of my letter."

In his speech at Lyons, President Napoleon said: "The cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!' affects my heart more than my pride. I am the servant of my country, and have but one object—and that is, to re-establish her. It is difficult for me to know under what name I can best act. If the humble title of President will serve best, I do not desire a change for that of Emperor."

The floods are receding on the Rhine; they have occasioned immense destruction of property. Seven villages have been submerged.

The difficulty between France and Belgium, with regard to the Tariff, is becoming serious.

The King of Holland, in his speech, on the opening of the Chambers, says that he has accepted an invitation for negotiating with Japan.

Advices from St. Helena state that the American brig Mary Adeline, while in the river Congo, was attacked by three thousand natives, when the English brig-of-war Dolphin went to her assistance, and, by pouring in a brisk fire of shot and shell, dispersed the assailants, and rescued the vessel.

Two German emigrant agents have made a contract with the Strasbourg and Paris Railroad Company for the transport, over their road, of 18,000 persons yearly. The contract extends over a term of five years.

The trial of the persons apprehended at the Barrier Fontainbleau last year—you will remember that they were engaged in a very silly conspiracy to kill the President with an infernal machine, that would have been dangerous only to themselves, if it had been discharged,—came off last week. The accused, fifteen in number, have been condemned to imprisonment, varying from eighteen months to five years, and to fines varying from three hundred to one thousand francs. On hearing their sentence, the prisoners rose and shouted, in full court, *Vive la Republique*.

An infernal machine designed to assassinate the Prince President, was seized at Marseilles. It is thought that there is yet another concealed there.

The conspiracy to murder the President, it was believed, was extended through *Prince Vas*, (sic) and was set on foot by the French Piedmontese Socialists. Over one hundred well known violent Socialists have been arrested, charged with being engaged in the conspiracy.

The infernal machine comprised two hundred and fifty gun barrels, loaded with fifteen hundred bullets, besides four blunderbusses similarly charged with grape shot. This battery, if fired during the passage of the cortege, would have completely swept away the President and his attendants.

The London Times, on the authority of letters from Paris, states that the first official act towards the consummation of the Empire will probably take place about the 15th of October, when, on the President's arrival, the Tours decree will be published in the Moniteur for the extraordinary convocation of the Senate.

The ship Maine, of Queenstown, was struck by lightning off the Island of Malta, and completely destroyed by fire. Fourteen lives were lost.

Terrible Accident on the Concord and Montreal Railroad.—The recent accident on the Concord and Montreal Railroad, at Meredith Bridge, N. H., was one of the most serious which has occurred in New England for many years. It resulted in the death of six persons, besides seriously injuring seventeen others. It was caused by two trains, going in the same direction, being too near together, and the first stopping on the bridge to allow the conductor time to collect the tickets, the cars being very crowded.

The scene was most heart-rending. The groans of the wounded, and the shrieks of the women and children, who were separated from their husbands, parents or friends, and were uncertain of their fate—the ghastly bodies of the dead—the fears that the cars, which had been pushed to the edge of the bridge, and partially turned over, might fall into the water ere all could be rescued—the cries of those who had jumped over the bridge, and were struggling in the water for life—all combined to make up a scene which imagination may picture, but pen cannot describe.

Governor Martin, of New Hampshire, who was on board the cars, immediately stripped off his coat, and rendered efficient aid to the survivors and sufferers. His cool and self-possessed orders and ready expedients were the means of rescuing many unharmed who otherwise might have injured themselves in hastily leaving the cars.

The escape of the passengers in one of the cars was most miraculous. Although all the seats in the car were broken into splinters, only one person was seriously injured, whilst in the car directly before it, and the cars which followed it, hardly a person escaped injury, and the terrible maiming and loss of life occurred.

Death of Gen. Sutherland.—Gen. Thomas Jefferson Sutherland, died at the Iowa mission, in Nebraska Territory, on the 7th ult. The deceased was a practical printer, and at different periods a lawyer, politician, editor, reformer, lieutenant under General Simeon Bolivar, in South America, and was in some of the hardest fought battles between the Spanish and Republican armies, and was severely wounded. He had also travelled in Italy and Asia Minor—and was a leading spirit in the Canadian rebellion, during which he was taken prisoner and detained eighteen months.

Team on the Wave.—A day or two since, a horse, attached to a chaise, belonging to Dr. McGowan, was frightened, while standing in Swan Street, by the Old Colony cars, and plunging into the dock, swam, with the chaise attached, nearly an eighth of a mile, landing at the foot of Ontario Street, ready for a voyage upon *terra firma*.

Great Tunnel.—A tunnel, six thousand feet in length, with two thousand feet of side cuttings, is about to be constructed at Cincinnati, for the benefit of all the railroads approaching from the Ohio side. The hills in the upper part of the city rise two hundred feet above the level of the plain.

From Havana.—The steamer Black Warrior, from Havana, brings intelligence of the garrotting of Sig. Faccioli, the publisher of the "Voice of the People," and states that the mother of the unfortunate man was so overcome with grief, that she died the following day.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Death.—Senator Whitcomb, of Indiana, died in New York on Monday evening week. He was formerly Governor of Indiana, and succeeded Mr. Hannegan in the U. S. Senate.

Delaware.—The Whigs have carried all the three counties. The majority in the State is 417—a gain of about 200 from last year.

Massachusetts.—The Coalition Democrats and Free Soilers of Norfolk County, in this State, have agreed upon a Union ticket for Senators—composed of two Free Soilers and one Democrat. In the Third District, the Coalitionists have nominated George Underhill for Congress, and Caleb Heston for Elector.

North Carolina.—Edwards, Dem., was elected Speaker in the Senate by 3 majority—and Baxter, Whig, in the House by 9 majority. This would seem to show a Whig majority of 6 on joint ballot—though neither House had a full attendance of members. A telegraphic account says, "The North Carolina Senate has decided the contested seat in that body in favor of Mr. Shaw, the Democratic candidate, thus insuring to the Democrats a majority on joint ballot."

Kentucky.—Julian, the Free Soil candidate for the Vice Presidency, is speaking in Kentucky with Cassius M. Clay. They denounce all the Whig and Democratic candidates, and the Platforms of both parties, because of their support of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Exculpation of Mr. Corwin.—The House Committee appointed to investigate the charges against Secretary Corwin, in reference to the Gardiner Claim, made their report on the 7th, fully exculpating Mr. Corwin from all blame. Mr. Corwin is prepared to refund the entire amount of $80,000, received by him for his interest in the case, if it should be proved fraudulent.

The Utah Judges.—Perry E. Brocchus, one of the Judges who fled from Utah some time since, and refused to return to their post, is out in the Washington Union with a long letter, condemning the action of the Administration, and denying its power to remove him. The Judge goes into an extended argument to prove that, as the United States officers are guilty of polygamy, Uncle Sam, in paying them salaries, which are devoted to the support of their numerous wives, is in the same immoral category.

Political Meetings.—Both Democrats and Whigs are holding large meetings all over the country, and the party fires are being heated up to the usual campaign height. The details of these meetings, however, would occupy too much space, and are of too little interest—having nothing peculiar about them—to warrant their publication in our columns. We only chronicle the novel, important and interesting portion of the political news of the day. Perhaps among this category may be placed one feature of a recent great Democratic meeting at Greensburg, in Western Pennsylvania, where there were two stands, one for the American and one for the German portion of the audience, each being addressed in their own language.

Gen. Scott's Tour.—The General was received with great enthusiasm at Louisville, Cincinnati, and various places along the Ohio river. So great was the demand upon his energies, that at one time he was quite unwell. He spent the 6th at Cincinnati, in receiving the visits of the citizens and in visiting the vineyard of Dr. Rehfuss, near the city, where he was received by large numbers of the German vine dressers, with great enthusiasm. Among the visitors to the General, in the evening, were Archbishop Purcell and the Bishop of Cleveland. Every town almost in the neighborhood solicited a visit.

On his passage from Cincinnati to Dayton, and at the latter places, the General also was received with great enthusiasm—torch-light processions, illuminations, &c. From his speeches at Hamilton and Dayton, we take the two following anecdotes which are interesting, and not of a political character. After expressing his gratitude to Hamilton, as it was in this town he was first nominated for the Presidency, and saying that "if he should die to-morrow, it would be the last declaration of his dying lips, that his country had been more than grateful—more than just—not only for what he had accomplished, but for any service he had attempted to render her"—he proceeded to say that he did not expect to begin to fight his battles over again" for fifteen or twenty years yet, and then related the following:

"But I wish to refer to one instance in which my orders were disobeyed by a gallant American army. We entered Mexico one pleasant morning, on the 14th of September, 1847. The Mexican Government and the army fled the night previously, between 12 and 1 o'clock; all but 3,000 of their troops, who, disbanded, threw off their uniform, and retained their arms. That dastardly Government, before flying from the city, opened their jails and turned loose upon the community, a set of robbers, convicts and villains, such as, I rejoice to say, never disgraced America. The object of Santa Anna was to punish the citizens, because he had failed to accomplish his objects, and obtain from them all he desired. Joined with the disbanded troops, these villains fired upon us from the tops of the houses. The houses there are high, with flat roofs, and the streets, (except in the Squares,) are narrow. From the roofs of the houses the disbanded soldiers and villainous convicts fired upon American troops, in order to throw our line into confusion, in order that they might be enabled to continue their plunder of the city. This act, after the town had surrendered, was contrary to the laws of war and of nations, and subjected the perpetrators to instant death. I made the artillery form in the squares and fire on the tops of the houses, but in the narrow streets this was impracticable. The order was therefore given for the troops to force the doors, to mount the stairs, bayonet in hand, and to put to the bayonet every miscreant who thus disgraced humanity; I also told them to bring me no prisoners. Soon, however, when in the palace, the prisoners came pouring in upon me; every Corporal, every Sergeant who commanded a party, brought in his ten to twenty prisoners. 'My God,' said I, 'Sergeant, why do you bring me these prisoners?' 'Oh, General!' cried they with one voice, as the prisoners dropped on their knees and begged their lives; 'we had slain so many that we could not find it in our hearts to slaughter more.' My heart was touched, I clasped the soldiers in my arms, and said—'Soldiers, I am proud of you; now, indeed, do I claim you as my brothers with pride;' for, ever since the records of war began, ever before has a General found it difficult to restrain the ferocity of his men, and stop the tide of carnage. Yes, I was truly proud of them. I was truly proud of the noble-hearted fellows, and I think, my friends, you ought to be proud of them too."

The other anecdote was as follows: "It chanced that I was in the city of London, the great money market of the world, when the first bonds and the first stock of the State of Ohio, issued to secure the completion of your canal, and those vast internal improvements which have raised your State to her present proud position. It so chanced that I was at the table of one of the leading citizens of London, where I met three or four of the principal moneyed men in all Europe. Knowing that, like other soldiers, I was not worth a cent, but thinking that I was likely to be acquainted with the resources and character of Ohio, the bankers interrogated me, for money lenders are exceedingly anxious about their securities, as to the safety of the investment, the character of the people and the prospects of the State. I answered them that Ohio had more acres of arable land than any territory of a similar extent on the globe. I spoke of the natural advantages which the State derived from the Ohio on the South and East, and Lake Erie on the North—of the climate, soil, and productions. It was, however, an easy thing to say that the population was thrifty, enterprising and economical, but I had to prove it; so I said to them that a man travelling through the State would not be without a school-house or church of God almost constantly under his eye; and where these go together good faith and public credit are inevitable; and this is a truth which cannot be too often impressed. Without the union of education and religion, there is no faith in man, no, nor in woman either. The English capitalists replied to me—'you have said enough—we will buy the stock.' They did buy it, and at a good price, and in that way I accidentally contributed some little to the success of that negotiation. This too, must I add in confirmation of what your orator has spoken. The people of Ohio have gloriously redeemed any little pledges in behalf of their State."

At Bellefontaine, the county seat of Logan County, the crowd was immense, and people surrounded the cars and made the General get out and mount a platform erected for the occasion. While Scott was on the platform the cars accidentally ran against it, crushing the planks, and causing a fearful panic among those who were on it. Every one either jumped off or was preparing to do so, with the exception of Scott; he alone, it was remarked, appeared unstartled, and stood firm.

Ohio.—Since the 6th of September, no less than 850 foreigners have been naturalized in Hamilton county.

Maryland.—The Free Democracy have nominated the following Electoral ticket:—For the State at large, Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, of Baltimore City, and Wm. Hughes, of Carroll County. For the Districts, Wm. Gunnison, David Gamble, Darius Thomas, Andrew Gardiner, Loyd N. Benson, John G. Howard.

Florida.—The State election has gone for the Whigs. Ward and Cabell—the Whig candidates for Governor and Congress—are elected by increased majorities.

A Quandary.—A man returned to this city last Monday, after an absence of four years, expecting again to taste the joys of a home and wedded life, and found, to his surprise and horror, his beloved wife had become another's wife. In this instance, the lady had not proved frail, but had been deceived by reports of the death of her absent lord, when it appeared that somebody else of the same name had been put under the sod of the gold regions. The case is strictly true, and presents a fine field for legal argument as to the proper ownership of the female, which will, however, be obviated by the expressed willingness of the present incumbent to cede all claim to the returned husband.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Important Liquor-Law Decision.—One of the Boston Magistrates, has decided that the buyer of liquor, was an aider and abettor in the crime, if crime it were, by procuring the sale, and that, as "*particeps criminis*," those who purchased liquor for the sake of giving evidence against the seller, could not be legal witnesses, and their testimony should not be taken. The Prosecuting Attorney coincided in the opinion of the Court, and the case was dismissed. This, if sustained, will break up the business of informers.

A New Ship.—A Mr. D. S. Brown announces, in an English paper, that he has invented a ship to reach America in forty-eight hours, and make the voyage to India and back in a fortnight. His theory is by making the bottom in the form of two inclined planes united upwards, to throw the whole hull of the vessel upon the surface, and by constructing the hull of lighter materials, in geometric shape, he hopes to give to a steamship the velocity of a railroad locomotive.

Good Freights.—Four dollars per barrel freight for flour was refused on clipper ships for San Francisco, in New York, on Monday week. This is owing to the high price of flour in San Francisco, at the last dates it being $25a$30 per barrel.

Negro Clothing.—The Natchez Free Trader publishes the following receipt for making negro clothing waterproof, furnished by a planter in Concordia parish:

For a plantation of fifty to one hundred negroes, take twenty gallons of linseed oil, into which mix three pounds of litharge, after the oil shall have been boiled a few moments. The litharge should be pulverized before being incorporated with the oil, and well stirred in. Previously an overcoat or sack should have been neatly made from common cotton cloth, called domestic, long enough to reach below the knees, to be closely buttoned up in front. When the mixture of oil and litharge is boiling hot, immerse the garment, wring it as dry as possible, and let it hang in the sun for three days, when it will be completely waterproof, an overcoat for the negro, secure against storm or tempest, impervious to the wintry winds, or the chills of the nights. It will cost less than sixty cents per sack, and last one to two years.

A New Styptic.—A pharmacien, at Rome, Signor Pagliare, has recently succeeded in discovering a liquid possessing so extraordinary a power of coagulating blood, that if to a large basin containing this fluid, one drop of the styptic be added, complete solidification ensues, so that the basin may be inverted without causing any blood to be lost. The following is its preparation:—Take eight ounces of gum benzoin, one pound of alum, and ten pints of water. Boil all together, for the space of eight hours, in an earthenware glazed vessel, frequently stirring the mass, and adding water sufficient to make up the original quantity of that lost by ebullition, taking care, however, to add the water so gradually that boiling may not be suspended. The liquid portion of the compound is now to be strained off, and preserved in well corked bottles.

A Discovery.—About five years ago a schooner, the Merchant, mysteriously disappeared from Lake Superior, with a valuable cargo, and about thirteen persons on board, including crew and passengers. Among the latter were some agents of the mining companies, having with them $5,000 belonging to the different companies. The lake was searched in every direction, but nothing of her could be found—not even a floating spar; and up to the present time her fate has been unknown. A few days ago, some persons going down the lake in a small craft, discovered the top-masts of the long lost schooner, standing erect in the water, some thirty feet below the surface. The locality has been marked, and measures have been taken to procure the specie on board, if nothing more.

Camphene.—A bowl of camphene, in Groton, Massachusetts, took fire from a lamp which was not within twelve feet of it. The bowl had been leaking in the cellar, and the air was so thoroughly impregnated with the camphene gas, that it ignited and spread over the whole cellar. Accidents of the common kind from camphene are still frequent. At Newton, Lower Falls, Massachusetts, as Miss Sophronia, eldest daughter of Charles Rice 2nd, was ascending the stairs of her father's house, having in her hand a lighted glass lamp, filled with burning fluid, she stumbled and fell, breaking the lamp, and covering her dress, composed of silk, with muslin under-sleeves, with the ignited fluid. She is badly burnt about the arms, and on other parts of her person, but no vital part was reached.

The Liquor Law in Salem, Massachusetts.—The City Marshal, in a recent report to the Mayor, states from the 22nd of May to the 22nd of June, there were 78 arrests and commitments in Salem, for drunkenness, and for crimes of which rum was directly or indirectly the cause; from the 22nd of June to the 22nd of July, there were 72 commitments; from the 22nd of July to the 22nd of August, 12; and from the 22nd of August to the 22nd of September, there were 23; an aggregate of commitments, for the first two months, of 150, and for the last two months, of 35; making a difference of 115. There are fewer persons in the Salem Almshouse now than there have been, at any time, for eight or ten years past.

Alabama Coming On.—The value of agricultural productions in Alabama, during the year 1850, was $220,713,189. On the 1st of January last there were 121 miles of railroad completed, and 216 in progress in that State, the aggregate cost of which would be $19,190,000. There were also 1,287 educational establishments in the State, including 4 colleges; 1,128 public schools, and 155 academies; 1,618 teachers, and 36,707 pupils; 1,528 public and private libraries, containing 262,355 volumes; 1,232 churches, 388,008 communicants, and church property amounting to $1,327,526 in value.

The Fishermen.—Capt. Small of the fishing schooner Caroline Knight, seized off Prince Edward Islands, by the British cruisers, says he was not fishing within the prohibited grounds; that when his vessel was seized, the British, without any kind of judicial proceedings, hauled down the American and hoisted the British flag, stripped her of everything, cut up the rigging, stove the water casks and empty barrels, unheaded and carried away the mackerel, stole their bread, and insulted the Captain and crew by calling them thieves and robbers. All this was done before a formal trial, which was to take place on the 2nd inst.

A Man Wolf.—The Clamour Publico, of Madrid, has the following from Corrunna, dated the 5th: There has just been denounced to the tribunal of this city, a man-wolf, who, upon his own confession, has been in the habit of going into the forests and killing and eating men, women and children. He was captured in Castille. He has declared to the examining magistrate, that he had two accomplices belonging to Valencia, and that they carried on a traffic with Portugal for the fat of their victims. This horrible monster added, that he had killed and eaten his mother and sister.

Enlarging the Area.—It is said that the tract of land lately ceded to the United States by the Sioux Indians, is about 800 miles long by 640 miles broad, making 112,000 square miles, or a piece of ground nearly three times the size of New York, and almost equal to the area of England, Ireland and Scotland put together. It is ten times as large as Holland; nine times the size of Belgium; half as large as France; three times the size of Portugal; five thousand square miles larger than Prussia; and over five times the size of Switzerland.

California.—The competition for carrying passengers between the Pacific and the Atlantic, by mail lines and rival routes, is so great, that many passengers came over in the last steamer for from one hundred to thirty-seven dollars each. About one thousand left California on the 1st of September. There is nearly the same competition this side of the line, so that the travelling public are having a nice time of it. The prices of passage at the start were enormous, but now they have fallen to a point which is far below the amount necessary to meet the actual expense.

☞ Lord Nelson's child, by Lady Hamilton, we see it stated, has at length been provided for by the British Government. The mother died, several years ago, in Cadiz, and not long since inquiry having been made respecting the daughter, it was found that she was the wife of a curate, in a distant county of England, who received a salary of £100; that she was a person of exemplary character, and the mother of twelve children, whom she had assisted her husband to support, by the most untiring industry; whereupon, Parliament gave her a pension of £150 a year.

Pine Leaf Cotton.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that in Silesia there is a factory in which a species of cotton or wool is manufactured from pine leaves, which can be woven into cloth. It has been used for blankets, rugs, furniture, covering, and other articles requiring a strong texture. The tree is stripped of its leaves while they are still green, one man gathering about 200 pounds per day. The liquid left after the decoction of the leaves is also said to be beneficial as a bath in some cases of disease.

The McDonogh Will Case—The Will Broken.—Judge McCaleb, of the U. S. District Court, has rendered his decision in the McDonough Will case, declaring null and void the claims of Baltimore and Louisiana. The will is completely broken, and the property goes to the heirs at law. The decision declares the share belonging to each heir, and the executors are ordered to account for their past administration to the Master in Chancery.

Abundance.—Potatoes, buckwheat, and apples have not been so abundant in many years as they are at the present season. In Orange, Delaware, and all the Southern Counties, the New York Mirror says, the crops are large and excellent; the rot has entirely disappeared. Potatoes are selling at Delhi and Hancock, and Delaware County, at 35 cents the bushel. The hucksters in New York demand 70 cents the bushel for potatoes.

Lead and Silver.—Dr. Frankfort, who has been working some abandoned lead mines, opened at Middletown, Conn., during the revolutionary war for the supply of bullets to our army, has found more than enough silver to pay the expenses of working the mines, thus having the lead obtained as clear profit. The amount of silver appears to be increasing.

Bank Failure.—The Bank of the Union, at Washington, has suspended payment and closed its doors. A large amount of the notes of the institution have been circulating, and there is now a large amount in the hands of the brokers. One firm has over $4,000. The public should beware of the irresponsible banks and bankers of that city.

Heavy Damages.—In the County Court at Martinsburg, Virginia, a man named Piper, recovered a verdict of $8,000 damages against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, for injuries sustained by him from an accident on that road. The Court granted the defendants a new trial.

The Price of Potatoes.—In Northern Vermont, potatoes are selling by wholesale at twenty-five cents per bushel, and yet they are retailed in this city at from ninety cents to one dollar per bushel.—*Boston Traveller.*

☞ The Supreme Court of this State has decided, in a recent case tried at Pittsburg, that steam vessels meeting each other in a clear river or open sea, should pass to the right in case of danger of collision.

A Fillibuster Bailed.—William A. McEwen, charged with being concerned in a movement for the invasion of Cuba, has been arrested at Columbus, Ohio, and held to bail in the sum of $10,000.

Punctuality in Railroads.—In the Glasgow Small Debt Court, Sir George Boswell has recovered £5 11s. 8d. from the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company, for their neglect of punctuality.

Australia.—Fourteen vessels have left the United States for the Australian gold mines. Nearly two thousand emigrants have gone out in them.

Was it Instinct or Reason?—The Providence General Advertiser relates the following dog story, which is most marvellous, though seemingly well authenticated:

A day or two since, a pointer dog was trotting along one of our principal streets, when he chanced to espy a leather case upon the side walk. The sagacious animal picked up the article, and straightway started off at a brisk pace, apparently in pursuit of its owner. About this time, Dr. McKnight, one of the most skilful homoeopathic physicians in this city, happened to be seated in his carriage, directly in front of the What Cheer building. Suddenly, the aforesaid dog unceremoniously jumped into the carriage, and deposited his prize at the doctor's feet. On examination, it was discovered that the case contained a variety of homoeopathic medicines.

What renders the affair above related somewhat mysterious, is the fact that the dog who is the hero of the tale, was a perfect stranger to Dr. McKnight.

Butter.—Says the New York Evening Post of Friday week: "Letters from the country say that the product of butter this season will be a third less than is usual, and that quantities of it are bought up by dealers with the view of keeping in their own hands the supply of the market. They therefore advise consumers to purchase sparingly at present, inasmuch as the dealers must sell, and the price is likely to be lower. At present the pastures are full of the richest grass, in consequence of the September rains, and if we should have a fine October, a large addition will be made to the stock of butter on hand. The dairymen who made cheese in the Summer, are now turning their attention to the making of butter, with an expectation of more profit from that branch of husbandry."

Death of a Famous Character.—Foreign journals mention the death, at Whydah, on the coast of Africa, of the Portuguese Da Souza, the most noted slave-dealer on the African coast. He was the agent of the King of Dahomey for many years, and by his largesses to the nobles of Dahomey, supported that monarch upon his throne when he would else have fallen. The King believed him immensely rich; but when he died he was found to be desperately poor, and for some time previous had been in fear of absolute want. This resulted from his miserable want of management in his business, keeping no accounts, writing no letters, etc., until he lost the confidence of all who traded with him.

Feats of Mental Calculation.—The Zurich Gazette gives an account of the wonderful calculating powers of a blind youth named Winkler, brought up at the Blind School of Unterstrass. He lately gave a public exhibition of his peculiar talent, extracting square and cubic roots to the extent of five decimals, with the greatest rapidity and correctness. He solved quadric and cubic equations also of the most difficult kind, and repeated a number composed of seventy-one figures, which had been written down and repeated to him once. He afterwards commenced the figures at the other end, and repeated them with perfect correctness.

English Annexation.—The Paris correspondent of the Journal Des Oesterreichischen Lloyds, states that England is about to become the possessor of the important Gallipagos Islands, on the Coast of Equador, in consideration of two millions sterling paid to that Republic, and the assumption of the debt it owes to British creditors. The American Cabinet, says the same writer, has used every effort to prevent the transaction, but in vain; France has consented to it, in order to check the greedy spirit of the United States, though aware that the island will become, in the hands of England, a second Malta.

Going it "Fat."—A squash vine commenced growing in the garden of Col. Samuel M. Currier, of Hopkinton, about the middle of June, and by the 16th of September, had attained a length of 252 feet. It bore fifteen respectable-sized marrowfat squashes.—*Concord Reporter.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Philadelphia, Oct. 9, 1852.

REMARKS.—There has been a fair amount of business done during the past week. Cotton has been in limited request without change in prices. Bark has slightly declined. There is a fair business doing in Dry Goods. The stock of Cotton Fabrics is light for the season, and gradually decreasing. Prices are firmly maintained, with a slight tendency upwards for some descriptions. There has been less activity among the commission houses, but there has been a large Pennsylvania and a fair Ohio trade going on among the jobbers. The stock of Woollens is moderate, and some descriptions are getting scarce. Low priced Breadstuffs are held more firmly. Fancy Cassimeres have been more in demand, with large sales at the East ward. The steamer's advices have had no effect upon the market. Coal continues to meet an active inquiry. Breadstuffs have been exceedingly quiet. The receipts of Flour have been small, and prices are firm. Wheat and Meal are steady. Corn is scarce and wanted. In Groceries there is a better feeling. Molasses is held higher, and considerable sales of Sugar have been made at a slight advance in prices. In Provisions there has been but little doing. In Seeds the sales have been limited. Tobacco and Wool are held firmly, and there is a moderate inquiry. Exchange on England rules at 110¼a110½. The supply of Bills is rather increasing.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been small. There has been a moderate export demand, and 5a6,000 bbls have been disposed of at $4.37½ per bbl for mixed, and $4.44a4.50 for select brands, including extra at $4.62½a4.75. The sales of city consumption have been limited within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is scarce and commands $3.75. Corn Meal has been in limited request. Sales of 2a300 bbls at $3.37½ per bbl for Pennsylvania, and $3.75 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat since our last report have been small, but they have been about equal to the demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 18a20,000 bushels ordinary and prime new Southern red at 92a96c; some old Pennsylvania red at the latter quotation, and old white at $1.03 per bushel, afloat, and $1.01a1.02 in store. The market is bare of Rye; we quote Southern at 75a77c, and Pennsylvania at 79a80cts. Corn is scarce, and prices have advanced; sales of 8a10,000 bushels at 75a76c, closing at the latter rate, and some white at 72c. Oats are in good demand; sales of 12a14,000 bushels prime Southern at 36a37½c per bushel, afloat.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is dull, and prices are drooping. We quote Mess at $18.50a19, and Prime at $17 per bbl. City packed Mess Beef commands $18.50a19. Bacon is dull. Sales of Sides at 10a10½c, and Shoulders at 8¾c; Hams range from 12½ to 14c per lb. Lard is firm at 12c per lb in bbls. and 12½c in kegs. In Butter and Cheese no change.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron Bark has been limited. A small sale of No 1 at $25 per ton, which is a decline. In Tanners' Bark no sales.

BEESWAX.—Is scarce; sales of good Yellow in lots at 26a26½c per lb.

CANDLES.—Prices are firm for all descriptions, but the sales have been limited.

COAL.—The demand continues active for the supply of the Eastern markets, and free shipments are making at our last quotations. There is an increased demand for city consumption. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 16½a17½c per bushel.

COFFEE.—The stock is now materially reduced, and prices are firm. Sales of 1,100 bags Rio at 8¾a9½c, and 2a300 bags Java at 11¼a11½c per lb, on time.

COPPER.—Small sales of English Sheathing at 25a26c, and Yellow Metal at 21a22c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON.—The market has been exceedingly quiet, and the late foreign advices have had no effect upon the market. The sales comprise 800 bales at 10a12½c for Middling to fair Upland and New Orleans.

The movements in Cotton from 1st Sept. to last dates are as follows:

	1852.	1851.
Receipts at all ports, bales,	85,220	75,164
Exports,	28,008	31,039
Shipments from Southern to North ern ports,	21,584	22,431
Stocks at all ports,	100,130	115,158
Do at New York	22,591	21,841

The rapidly increasing receipts at New Orleans is depressing the market at all points.

The following is a comparative statement of the Imports, Stocks, &c., of the Liverpool Cotton Market, from January 1 to September 17, 1852, and the corresponding period in 1851:

		All kinds.	American.
Imports, 1852, bales		1,709,774	1,443,017
" 1851,		1,418,093	1,149,712
Increase,		291,681	293,305
Stock, 1852,		587,460	442,030
" 1851,		533,420	420,620
Increase,		54,040	Incr. 21,410
Consumption, 1852,		1,397,250	1,111,010
" 1851,		1,117,670	869,210
Increase,		279,580	241,800

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been a moderate business doing without change in prices. Sales of Soda Ash at 2a2½c, Sugar of Lead 9½c, and Verdigris at 24c per lb.

FEATHERS.—Are steady. Sales of fair and good Western at 38a40c per lb.

FISH.—The receipts of Mackerel this week have been small. The sales from store have been limited at $11a13 per bbl for small and large No 1; $8.50a11 for No 2, and $7a7.50 for small and large No 3. A sale of 1,000 boxes of Herring on terms not made public.

FRUIT.—The market has been exceedingly quiet, there being no stock of Foreign Fruit to operate on.

GINSENG.—Sales of 2a300 lbs Crude at 38a40 per pound.

GUANO.—There is a moderate demand for lots from store at our former quotations.

HEMP.—Is very quiet, and we have no sales to notice.

HIDES.—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS.—Are dull and lower; sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 28a30c per lb.

IRON.—There is a good demand for Pig Metal, but the want of stocks has materially restricted operations; small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $26 and No 2 at $24 per ton, 6 mos. Scotch Pig has advanced to $28, with sales. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron are firm.

LEAD.—Is dull. Sales of 2,500 pigs Galena at $4.80 per 100 lbs, on time, interest added.

LEATHER.—There is a good demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather at full rates.

LUMBER.—The supplies are falling off. Sales of Laths at $2.25 per M, and some Spruce Joist at $14 per M feet.

Shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 25th ult.

	Feet	1,041,692
Previously,		40,065,285
Total,		41,106,987

MOLASSES.—Is more inquired after. The stock is small, and holders demand an advance.

NAVAL STORES.—Sales of 5a600 bbls Rosin at $1.40, cash, for Common, and $2.56 to 3 per bbl for Soap. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is in good demand, and 3a400 bbls sold at 53a55c, cash and on time.

OILS.—There is a good demand for Fish Oils from store at full rates. Linseed Oil sells in lots at 70a72c. Winter Lard Oil commands 95a98c, on time.

PLASTER.—Two cargoes of Soft sold at a price kept private. We quote at $2.70 per ton.

RICE.—Is scarce. Small sales at 4¼a5¼c per lb for old and new crop.

SALT.—All the recent arrivals of Salt, comprising about 10,000 sacks Liverpool Ground and Fine, have been disposed of on terms kept private.

SEEDS.—There has been an increased demand for Cloverseed, and considerable sales have been made at $5 per 64 lbs, and some for export at $6a6¼ per lb. Timothy is dull, and 6a700 bushels sold at $2.37½a2.87½ per bushel. Flaxseed is scarce and in demand at $1.35a1.36 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are in moderate request, without change in prices. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 27a28c. Whiskey is held firmly; sales of 600 bbls at 24½a25c, and hhds at 24½c.

SUGAR.—There has been a good demand, and with a reduced stock, prices have advanced ⅛a¼ per cent. per lb. Sales of 1,400 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 5a5½c per lb, on time, part to go out of the market.

TALLOW.—Is scarce. Sales of city Rendered at 10¼a10½c per lb.

TEAS.—There is a moderate inquiry for the supply of the trade, without change in prices.

TOBACCO.—There is a moderate inquiry for both Leaf and Manufactured Tobacco for the supply of the trade at full rates. The stock of the latter is exceedingly small.

WOOL.—The market has been active during the past week, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 200,000 lbs at 37½ up to 60c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool are steady at 3-16d per lb for Cotton; 1s 6d per barrel for Flour, and 4½d per bushel for Grain. Colliers are in good demand at $1.70 a1.75 per ton to Boston; $1.37½a1.40 to Rhode Island, and $1.05 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

Pharmaceutical Convention.—Last week this body reassembled, and delegates answered to their names from the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and California. A National Association was formed under the name of the "American Pharmaceutical Convention."

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 141—Adults 59 and children 82.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 11.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,400 head. Beeves are selling from $6.50 to 8.00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $7.25 to 8.25 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $12 to 40. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2.50 to 4.00; the latter from $1.50 to 4.00, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 9.

Ashes—No change in prices; sales moderate.

Cotton—The market continues in favor of the purchaser; with sales of 850 bales.

Flour, &c.—A fair demand for Flour at a shade better prices; sales of 9,000 bbls at $4.25a4.31¼ for State, and $4.31¼a4.50½ for Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. Southern Flour continues firm, with sales of 600 bbls at $4.62½a4.75. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are nominally the same.

Grain—The Wheat market is without material change; sales of 13,000 bushels white Michigan at $1.04, and 3,600 fair Canadian at 93c. Rye is nominally the same, Barley in moderate request, with sales of 2,500 bushels fair two rowed at 75c. Corn is very firm; sales of 20,000 bushels at 72a73 cts for mixed Western, and 73c for New Orleans. Oats unchanged.

Provisions—The Pork market is quiet; sales of 300 bbls at $17.68a17.75 for Mess, and $15.50a15.62½ for Prime. Beef steady at previous prices; sales of 75 bbls. Beef Hams in good request; sales of 400 bbls, deliverable between the 20th October and the 1st of November, at $16, as they are. Lard steady; sales of 130 bbls at 11¾a12c.

Whiskey—Is lower; sales of 300 bbls at 23¼a23½ for Ohio, and 23½ for Prison.

Rheumatism Cured.—JOHN BURNS, living at 262 N. SECOND Street, Philadelphia, had been several years afflicted with Rheumatic Pains in various parts of the body. During which time he tried various remedies, and used outward applications without number, and in all cases with no essential benefit—was finally induced to make trial of *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, a single 25 cent box of which not only gave relief, but after using them a short time, drove every particle of pain from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

Oct 1852	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
16 Saturday,	6 31	5 29	4 55	
17 Sunday,	6 33	5 27	5 54	
18 Monday,	6 34	5 26	6 53	D. H. M.
19 Tuesday,	6 35	5 25	7 49	Last 6 5 16
20 Wedn'day,	6 37	5 23	8 42	New 14 1 54
21 Thursday,	6 38	5 22	9 32	First 19 6 34
22 Friday,	6 39	5 21	10 18	Full 27 6 34
23 Saturday,	6 40	5 20	11 2	

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct.	3	60	63	72
	4	61	65	66
	5	61	67	69
	6	58	68	72
	7	65	70	73
	8	69	79	81
	9	64	65	66

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 9th of Sept. in the German Reformed Church, at Fairfield, Green county, Ohio, by the Rev. A. G. Dole, W. D. C. Rodrock, A. B. late of the Theological Seminary of Mercersburg, Pa. to Miss Julia M. only daughter of C. B. Weidy, Esq of Mercersburg, Pa.

On the evening of the 23d of Sept. near Union, Green county, Ohio, Frederic Snyder, of Indiana, to Miss Susannah Wolf, daughter of John W. Wolf, Esq. of Union, Green county, Ohio.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Daniel B. Beitler, to Miss Mary Ann Merkler, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Van Deusen, George P. Norris, of Philadelphia, to Agnes Campbell, daughter of John H. Price, Esq. of Wilmington, Del.

At Woodfield, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Doctor Balch, Thomas Balch, to Emily, daughter of Jos. Swift, Esq.

On the 13th ultimo, by J. H. Jones, D. D., Henry Harper, to Jane S. Lang, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Greenbank, Mr. George W. Hartranft, to Miss Elizabeth McDonald, both of Southwark.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, D. D., Mr. Levi R. Franklin, to Miss Hannah W. Hutchinson, all of Spring Garden.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. Teole Bull, to Mrs. Phebe D. Hall, both of Southwark.

On the 5th inst. in West Philadelphia, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, William S. Warner, to Mary A. daughter of Benj. E. Moore, all of Philadelphia.

On the 2d of Aug. by the Rev. Joseph Mason, Mr. Thomas J. H. Williamson, to Miss Louisa Agnes, daughter of John Goodhart, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Joseph Keen, to Miss Margaret D. Woodington.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. A. Macklin, Charles L. Pascal, to Mary S. Campbell.

On the 26th of Aug. by the Rev. Richard Newton, John J. Casey, to Miss Elizabeth A. Walker, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. at the Merchant's Hotel, Philadelphia, by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, D. D., Mr. Wellington D. Weidenhamer, of Limestoneville, Montour county, Pa. to Miss Susan Almira, daughter of Capt. John S. Follmer, of Montour county, Pa.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th inst. Miss Elizabeth Stanert, aged 18 years.

On the 5th inst. Thomas J. Herring, aged 47.

On the 5th inst. Miss Sophia Browning, aged 54.

On the 4th inst. Ann, wife of Wm. M. Jones, aged 35 years.

On the 6th inst. Isaac Shearer, aged 76 years.

On the 5th inst. William L. Frailey.

On the 5th inst. Ellen, wife of Wm. Steen, aged 34 years.

On the 5th inst. James Gaw, aged 60 years.

On the 5th inst. Miss Laura, daughter of Ebenezer and Elizabeth Brown, aged 20 years.

On the 4th inst. Anna Maria, wife of John Dieterich, aged 41 years.

At New Castle, Del. on the 5th inst. Margaret, wife of James Duncan, aged 67 years.

On the 4th inst. Ann Jones.

On the 4th inst. Matilda, daughter of John and Elizabeth Hazzard, aged 3 years.

On the 4th inst. George Palmer, son of John and Hester Gillespie, aged 4 years.

On the 5th inst. Alice, wife of Peter Sweeny, aged 23 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Charles Strine, aged 45.

On the 4th inst. James Cook, aged 35 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. John Recktenwald, aged 64.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Caroline James, aged 29.

On the 4th inst. Peter J. Mayland, aged 25.

On the 3d inst. Mr. George Royer, aged 71 years.

At Frankford, on the 2d inst. Mr. Charles Crankshaw, aged 49 years.

On the 6th inst. Isabella Adaline, wife of Hiram R. Peterson, aged 39 years.

On the 5d inst. Ellena, daughter of Joachim & and Ellen Vieira, aged 13 months.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. Sarah Robinson, aged 95.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. Rachel Hunter, aged 89.

On the 2d inst. Mr. James Craig, aged 37 years.

On the 2d inst. Narcissa Y. Colton.

On the 3d inst. Isaac Richmond, aged 75 years.

On the 4th inst. Susan, wife of John V. Bullinger, aged 59 years.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. Susanna Armstrong, late of Baltimore, daughter of the late Baltus Beck, Esq. of Germantown.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 26 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, October 16, 1852.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks Co.	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna Co.	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh Co. B'k	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief Notes	½a1 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
State B'k at Morris	failed
State B'k N Bruns	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris Co.	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
Perth Amboy	failed
Peoples, Paterson	failed
Farmers and Mech B'k N Bruns	½ dis
N Hope Del Bridge	failed
Yard Del Br'ge Co	10 dis
All New Jersey secured by Stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
Under 5's	½ dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral Bank	½ dis
Salisbury	failed
Cecil Bank	½ dis
Frederick Co.	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington Co.	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre de Grace	failed
Far & Millers B'k	no sale
DIS. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City Banks	par a ½ dis
Boty country bks	½ dis
James Bank	30 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis

MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix b'k, Westerly, stolen notes	no sale
CANADA	
Montreal	2 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & brch's	½ dis
Far Bk & brch's	½ dis
Valley Bk & brch's	½ dis
Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Bank St. Mary's	25 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	60 dis
Bk Norwalk	60 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
INDIANA	
State Bk	½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
ILLINOIS	
Bk of Illinois	80 dis
State Bk	70 dis
Bk of Cairo	
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Gov't Stock	2 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
All banks	uncertain

Caution.—There are issues of $1, $2, $3 bills of various Banks, dated Washington, D. C., which resemble New York City and State issues, in circulation, which the public ought to refuse, as several have failed and are entirely worthless.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by *John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, William Moore, Charles Carroll, O. J. Dyer, C. M. L. Wiseman, and H. J. Thomas.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling Agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *C. F. Lewis, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, Perrin Locke, Jas. Button, Geo. P. Button, D. R. Goodin, Wm. J. Corey, Isaac M. Bodine, and Walter D. Thompson.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

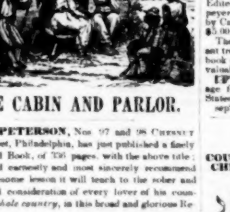
A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. Y.*
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans La.*
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore Md.*
Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth St.*, and 29 *East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*
Of SAML. RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

JUST PUBLISHED:
THE
CABIN AND PARLOR.
BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH.
FULL OF BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS
Sent Anywhere Free of Postage.



THE CABIN AND PARLOR.

T. B. PETERSON, Nos. 97 and 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, has just published a finely illustrated Book, of 336 pages, with the above title; and would earnestly and most sincerely recommend the wholesome lesson it will teach to the sober and thoughtful consideration of every lover of his country, *his whole country*, in this broad and glorious Republic.

"The Cabin and Parlor" is a book for the whole country, and not for one section only. It is intended to allay, not excite, local jealousies. It is free from all bias of party. Every person who values the Constitution framed by Washington and his co-patriots, or loves "truth for truth's sake," should have a copy of this work. The author is a gentleman who has travelled both North and South, so that his descriptions are both faithful and accurate; indeed, nearly every incident described in the volume, he has personally witnessed. The narrative though thus substantially true, is as thrilling as the most engrossing novel. Never, perhaps, has a book so interesting in every respect, been offered to the American public. The spirit of enlarged philanthropy which pervades the book, is not its least recommendation. The author is a true and wise friend of his race, and not a quack in morals, as so many modern writers are. His religion is that of the Bible, and not mere varnished infidelity.

It is published complete in one large duodecimo volume of 336 pages, with large, full page, magnificent illustrations, executed in the finest style of the art, from original designs, drawn by Stephens, and printed on the finest and best of plate paper.

Price for the complete work, in paper cover, beautifully illustrated, Fifty Cents a copy only; or a finer edition, printed on thicker and better paper, and handsomely bound in muslin, gilt, is published for One Dollar.

A copy of the above work will be sent to any person at all, to any place in the United States, free of postage, on their remitting 50 Cents to the Publisher, in a letter, post-paid; or Two copies will be sent, *free of postage*, for One Dollar; or a copy will be sent full bound in cloth, gilt, for One Dollar, free of postage, to any place.

Published and for sale by T. B. PETERSON, Nos. 97 and 98 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

To whom all orders must come addressed.

☞ Orders from Booksellers, News Agents, and all others, will be thankfully received, and they will please send in their orders at once, and they will be filled with promptness and despatch. Orders for the above work will be supplied in the rotation that they are received. It

WANTED—Canvassers, to engage in the sale of this Work in every county in the United States.

INFORMATION WANTED of WILLIAM BARKLEY, by his sisters, Mary and Jane Barkley. He left Belfast, Ireland, in May last, 1852. If this should meet his notice, direct a letter to IMLEY BOISE, Plainfield, Essex County, New Jersey. 1t*

FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A BOOK of Fine STEEL ENGRAVINGS, 30 of them will be sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. They are neatly done up for the centre table, or they can be taken apart to put in scrap books. Size of the plates 10 inches by 7.
Address, L. A. GODEY,
oct16-2t 113 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

WICKERSHAM'S
PATENT SECTIONAL IRON FENCE
FOR
RAILROADS, FARMS, &C., &C.
Price $1.50 per rod, 16 1-2 feet, fence four foot six inches high.
WROUGHT AND CAST-IRON RAILINGS, IRON FURNITURE, &c., &c.
For drawings and explanations address the Manufacturer,
JOHN B. WICKERSHAM,
312 Broadway, New York.
AGENTS—Messrs. LITTLEFIELD & SHANNON, 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
sep18-3m

TUSCARORA ACADEMY.

SIX miles from Perryville, Juniata county, Penn., recently enlarged to afford each student a private room, is now open for the reception of students. Being an endowed institution, we challenge competition. The whole expense per annum of a student is $84.50.
Address, REV. WM. S. GARTHWAIT, } Principals.
REV. GEO. W. THOMPSON, }
Academia P. O., Penna.
References, Rev. Jos. H. Jones, D. D., 198 Spruce St. Arthur Thacher, 177½ Market St.
The Winter session will commence the 1st of Nov. Circulars to be had at 177½ Market St. sep11-3m*

BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

THIS ESSENCE is a preparation of unusual excellence. During the Summer months, no family or traveller should be without it. In relaxation of the bowels, in nausea, and particularly in sea sickness, it is an active and safe, as well as a pleasant and efficient remedy.

CAUTION.—Persons desiring an article that can be relied upon, prepared solely from pure *Jamaica Ginger*, should be particular to ask for BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, which is warranted to be what it is represented. Prepared only by FRED. BROWN, and for sale at his Drug and Chemical Store, FIFTH and CHESNUT Streets, Philadelphia, and by all the respectable DRUGGISTS and APOTHECARIES in the United States.
je12-6m

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA, is represented in the Twentieth Report of the Franklin Institute, Pennsylvania, to be the best in the United States.

Four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded for it by the Franklin Institute, Pa., by the American Institute, N. Y., by the Maryland Institute, and by the Massachusetts Mechanic Association.

The certificates of many of the most eminent physicians of Philadelphia and other places recommend it as being equal to the genuine Henry's Magnesia, at half the price.

It is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

For sale by the Druggists generally, and also by the manufacturer, THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
N. W. corner Third and Spruce Sts., Phila.
aug7-eow6t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (sixteen lines) one insertion,			$2.00
" " "	three months,		$15.00
" " "	six months,		$25.00
" " "	a year,		$50.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

7,000 COPIES ALREADY ORDERED!
Mrs. Hale's Great National Work.
PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

NORTHWOOD;
OR,
LIFE NORTH AND SOUTH.
BY SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

This brilliant book, in which the grace and moral purity of Mrs. Hale's genius are pre-eminently displayed, has great claims on the attention of the public, aside from the intense interest which the narrative excites, and the fascinating charm of the style in which it is written. It is a great national and vivid picture of society at the North and South, and holds up, in bright relief, to the dark back-ground of fanaticism, those eternal elements of Love and Truth which should ever prevail between the two great sections of our country, in order that both may be bound together in one firm and indissoluble Union. Northwood is, in fact, a captivating teacher of Patriotism from North to South, exhibiting what each is to the other, in all relations and responsibilities, and breathing the true spirit which should animate both. Every one should possess a copy of Northwood.
H. LONG & BROTHER,
No. 43 Ann Street, New York.
And all Booksellers throughout the Union. Bound in 1 vol., cloth. Price $1. Paper covers 75 cents. Copies Mailed on receipt of 75 cts., post-paid, addressed as above. oct16-3t

FITS! FITS! FITS!

THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS will be found, on trial, to be the only effectual remedy for Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and, besides curing Fits, will be of extreme service to all who are laboring under nervous prostration, or any chronic disease. Full directions accompany each box. Price, $3 per box, or two boxes for $5. Persons out of the city, enclosing a remittance, will have the Pills sent them through the mail, *free of postage*. For sale by SETH S. HANCE, 118 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland, to whom orders, from any part of the Union, must be addressed, post-paid. oct9-6m

WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE.

DRENNON SPRINGS, HENRY COUNTY, KENTUCKY. The two *Terms* into which the annual session of this college is divided, commence, respectively, on the *Second* Monday in September, and the *First* Monday in February of each year.

Its *Course of Studies* embraces the scientific course of the United States Military Academy, and thorough instruction in the Classical and Modern Languages. A flourishing *Law School* under the Hon. Thos. B. Monroe, L. L. D., a Judge of the Federal Court, distinguished for high legal attainments, is connected with the Institute.

Institute Charges for tuition, boarding, lodging, fuel, lights, washing, servants' attendance, and use of furniture and arms, $80 per term.
Address, B. R. JOHNSON, Superintendent,
sep25-10t* Drennon Springs, Ky.

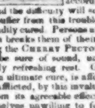
IMPORTANT TO TANNERS AND CURRIERS.

WILL BE PUBLISHED on the 1st of October, THE ARTS OF TANNING AND CURRYING, Theologically and Practically considered in all its details, being a full and comprehensive Treatise on the Manufacture of the various kinds of Leather. Illustrated by over two hundred engravings. Edited from the French of De Fontenelle and Malapeyre, with numerous Emendations and additions by Campbell Morfit. In one vol 8 vo. cloth extra $5.00.

The object of the author in preparing this important treatise has been that it should be a complete hand book of these arts. It will be found to be the most valuable book of its kind in the English language.

☞ A copy of the book will be sent, free of postage for the above sum to any part of the United States. HENRY CAREY BAIRD,
sep25-tf Publisher, Philadelphia.

CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.



TO CURE A COLD, WITH HEADACHE and SORENESS OF THE BODY, take the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night.

FOR A COLD AND COUGH take it morning, noon and evening according to directions on the bottle, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough which breaks them of their rest at night, will find, by taking the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, they may be sure of sound, unbroken sleep, and consequently refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering and an ultimate cure, is afforded to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.

From its agreeable effect in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.

From two eminent physicians in
Fayetteville, Tenn., April 16th, 1851.

Sir:—We have given your Cherry Pectoral an extensive trial in our practice, and find it to surpass every other remedy we have for curing affections of the respiratory organs.
DRS. DIEMER & HAMPTON.

TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities, it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

ASTHMA is generally much relieved, and often wholly cured by Cherry Pectoral. But there are some cases so obstinate as to yield entirely to no medicine. Cherry Pectoral will cure them if they can be cured.

BRONCHITIS, or irritation of the throat and upper portion of the lungs, may be cured by taking Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses. The uncomfortable oppression is soon relieved.

Rev. Dr. LANSING, of Brooklyn, N. York, states:—"I have seen the Cherry Pectoral cure such cases of Asthma and Bronchitis as leads me to believe it can rarely fail to cure those diseases."

FOR CROUP. Give an emetic of antimony, to be followed by large and frequent doses of the Cherry Pectoral, until it subdues the disease. If taken in season, it will not fail to cure. oct2-2meow

WHOOPING COUGH may be broken up and soon cured by the use of the Cherry Pectoral.

THE INFLUENZA is speedily removed by this remedy. Numerous instances have been noticed where whole families were protected from serious consequences, while their neighbors, without the Cherry Pectoral, were suffering from the disease.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. Sold by Henshaw &c., Boston; A. B. & D. Sands, N. York; J. Gilbert & Co., Philadelphia; F. Eckstein, Cincinnati; Clark & Co., Chicago; Robert Shoemaker Druggist, S. W. corner of Second and Green Streets Philada., and by all Druggists everywhere.

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

The subscriber having made large additions to his stock of goods in the above line, would return his thanks for past favors, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of his friends and the public in general. His stock is procured at the lowest Cash prices, and, consequently he can and will sell at the very lowest prices.

WATCHES

Of various kinds and prices, consisting, in part, of Gold Levers Hunting Cases from	$50 to 150
Gold do. open face white and Gold Dials	30 to 120
Silver Levers	15 to 30
Do. Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower prices than the above.

JEWELRY

Ladies' Chatelains or Short Chains. Also, long Chains of various patterns. Medalions with 1, 2 and 4 glasses, designed for Hair or Daguerreotypes, various patterns, and of the very best quality in the market. Also, a large stock of Diamonds, set with Opals, Robys, &c., together with a fine stock of Jewelry of every variety.

SILVER WARE

In the manufacture of this article nothing is used for melting but half dollars, (old silver is never re-melted except when requested,) the public may, therefore, feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Tea Spoons from $4.50 to $8.00, Table Spoons from $13 to $20, the quality the same, the difference being in weight. Tea Setts made to order, Table, Tea and Desert Forks, Butter Knives, Napkin Rings, Fish, Cake and Pie Knives, Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c.

PLATED WARE

A very superior article of Plated Spoons and Forks. Also, Cake Baskets and Castors, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE

Tea Setts beautiful patterns at low prices. Also Castors, with Cut Glass Bottle Urns, Water Kettles, &c.

All the above articles will be warranted to be what they are represented, and sold at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is resolved not to be undersold by any house in the country. S. M. HOPPER,
No. 60 Chesnut Street, between Second and Third, South side.

Old Silver is taken in exchange as is usual, and the highest price allowed, but as above stated, is not remelted, but is otherwise disposed of. my8-1y

I. O. O. F.

FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS REGALIA,

THE subscribers would call the attention of those wishing to purchase Regalia, to their assortment, (the largest in this city, if not in the United States,) which is well selected and *cheap*; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities, adapted to every degree and position in the Order. They would also call the attention of *Country Merchants* and the public generally to their large and well selected stock of READY MADE CLOTHING of every description, which they are prepared to sell on as favorable terms as can be had at any establishment in the Union. *Call and see.*

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in CLOTHING, MANUFACTURERS OF REGALIA, ROBES, COSTUMES, &c., &c.,
jan24-1y *No 194 Market St., below Sixth, Phila.*

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.
$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$2 50 to $18
VESTS,	2 00 " 6
PANTALOONS,	2 50 " 8

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. oct14-1y

COPPER-FACED TYPE.

THE NEWTON COMPANY, having made great improvements in the finish of their Patent Copper-Faced Type, can recommend it, with the fullest confidence, to Printers and Publishers. It is already in common use in many of the largest newspaper and general Printing offices in this country and in England, and the Company have the strongest testimonials that it will do double the amount of work that can be done by common type, while it gives, at the same time, a finer working surface.

New fonts of Type, as supplied by the founders, will be received by the Company and prepared by their process, at about 25 per cent. advance on the type founder's charges—leaving an actual saving in expense to the printer of 75 per cent. Among many others, this paper is printed on type finished by this Company.
oct9-7m NEWTON COMPANY, Patentees,
No. 8 North William Street, New York.

J. E. CARPENTER,
GAUGING INSTRUMENT MAKER,
NO. 514 NORTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

LUMBER RULES, TAILORS' SQUARES, &c., made in a superior style of workmanship. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. Price list sent Gauging Instruments $20.
oct2-3m

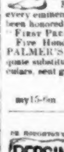
A REMARKABLE CASE OF SCROFULA CURED BY HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS. The son of Mr. Alliday, 209 High Street, Cheltenham, when three years old, was afflicted with Scrofula in the neck, and the disease increased so fearfully, that in four years he had ten ulcers on his body, besides a tumor between the eyes. The best medical treatment afforded him no relief, the blood being so corrupt that it was considered impossible to subdue the disease. At this crisis Holloway's Pills and Ointment were resorted to, and with great success, for in two months the boy was soundly cured by their use, and has continued well for the last three years.

Sold by all the venders of medicine throughout the British Empire and United States, in pots and boxes, at 37½ cts., 87½ cts., and $1.50 each; wholesale by C. D. KNIGHT, 7 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, and by the proprietor, 244 Strand, London. sep25-1y*

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS, &c.

C. L. NORTON, WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, No. 130 MAIDEN LANE, and 19 FLETCHER Street, New York, offers to the country trade for CASH, or approved CREDIT, a general assortment of Goods in his line, consisting, in part, of Acids, Madder, Indigo, Soda, Cream Tartar, Borax, Alum, Brimstone, Alcohol, Gum Arabic, Myrrh, Aloes, Opium, Camphor, Shellac, Gamboge, Castor Oil, Essential Oils, Liquorice, Phosphorus, Matches, Sal Eratus, Quinine, Calomel, Linseed Oil, White Lead, Zinc, Paints, Prussian Blue, Paris Green, Chrome Green, Chrome Yellow, Vermillion—Patent Medicines of all kinds, Selected Powders for Medical purposes, Extracts, Chemicals, &c., &c., as low as the market affords, and of the Best Quality. A liberal share of trade solicited.
New York, Aug. 20th, 1852. aug28-6m*

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

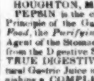


This world-renowned Artificial Limb, it will be recollected, was among the *few* signal triumphs of American ingenuity exhibited in the World's Exhibition in 1851. It there received the award of the Great Prize Medal, as the "*best*" limb (amongst 30 of the best English, French, and German manufacture) exhibited; and was so well appreciated, that an extensive manufactory is now in successful operation at 30 Regent Street, London, under the auspices of the Queen and the Medical Faculty of London and Paris.

Mr. Palmer receives the patronage of every eminent Surgeon in the U. States—and has here been honored with 20 Gold and Silver Medals, or "First Premiums."

Five Hundred Persons now walking daily upon PALMER'S PATENT LEG declare it the only adequate substitute extant. Pamphlets giving full particulars, sent gratis. Address,
B. FRANK PALMER,
376 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.,
my15-6m or Burt's Block, Springfield, Mass.

GREAT CURE FOR
DYSPEPSIA!



DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S
PEPSIN,
THE TRUE
DIGESTIVE FLUID,
OR
GASTRIC JUICE.

Prepared from RENNET, or the fourth STOMACH OF THE OX, after directions of BARON LIEBIG, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

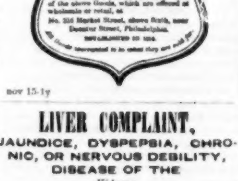
PEPSIN is the chief element, or Great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the *Solvent of the Food*, the *Purifying, Preserving*, and *Stimulating* Agent of the Stomach and Intestines. It is extracted from the Digestive Stomach of the Ox, thus forming a TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID, precisely like the natural Gastric Juice in its Chemical powers, and furnishing a COMPLETE and PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for it.

This is NATURE'S OWN REMEDY for an unhealthy Stomach. No art of man can equal its curative powers. It contains no ALCOHOL, BITTERS, ACIDS, or NAUSEOUS DRUGS. It is extremely agreeable to the taste, and may be taken by the most feeble patients who cannot eat a water cracker without acute distress. Beware of DRUGGED IMITATIONS. Pepsin is NOT A DRUG.

Half a tea-spoonfull of Pepsin infused in water, will digest or dissolve *Five Pounds of Roast Beef in about two hours*, out of the stomach.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States. Price, $1.

F. BROWN, Cor. Chestnut and Fifth Sts., Agent for PHILADELPHIA. aug. 21-1yeow.



nov 15-1y

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY,
DISEASE OF THE
Kidneys,
and all Diseases
arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach,
such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness, or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking, or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON.
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled if equalled, by any other preparation in the U. States as the cures attest, in many cases after skillful physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are withal safe, certain and pleasant.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

Dr. James C. Giles, of Newtown, Hamilton, Pa., in a letter to Dr. Jackson, says—"I have used myself half a dozen bottles of your German Bitters for Liver Complaint and Diseases of a Nervous character, resulting from the abuse of mercury. I was poisoned, and afflicted with spasms, from the use of this latter article. The German Bitters is the first article from which I obtained any relief. I have also given the article to many dyspeptics, with the most salutary result. I think as many more bottles will entirely cure me."

Josiah C. Young, Esq., of Dauphin, Pa., writes thus to Dr. Jackson, May 5, 1851—"I was afflicted with General Debility, Intestinal Weakness and Costiveness, for which I used many different remedies without relief. I at last used your Hoofland's German Bitters. I took a few bottles, according to directions, and was completely cured. I have not been so healthy for ten years as I have been since I took of your Bitters, which is about one year ago."

Wm. B. Thompson, No. 5 William Street, cured of Liver Complaint and Jaundice, a very bad case.

John Hampton, Callowhill Street, between Nixon and William, a wheelwright, cured of Dyspepsia and Pulmonary Affection.

FURTHER EVIDENCE.
Philadelphia, Nov. 22.

Dear Sir—It is with much pleasure I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters. I having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons afflicted with Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Debility of the Nervous System, I can say, conscientiously, that they are the best articles of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines) and I consider it the only medicine for the above diseases before the public.

I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction, and brought forth the recommendation of those who used it.

I deem this my duty, both to you, as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints, that they may know of its curative properties, to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which the market is flooded.

With much respect, I remain your's, &c.,
J. N. Hobensack, Druggist,
Corner of Fourth and George Sts., East Kensington.

The great advantage they possess over other preparations now urged for similar diseases is, they do not contain one particle of calomel, or any other mercurial preparation.

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the principal office, GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 120 Arch Street, one door below Sixth, Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the country.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.
A. B. & D. SANDS, New York.
CANBY & HATCH, Baltimore.
PURCELL, LADD & Co., Richmond, Va.
HAVILAND, HARRAL & Co., Charleston, S. C.
HAVILAND, CLARK & Co., Mobile, Ala.
J. WRIGHT & Co., New Orleans, La.
H. BLAKSLEY, St. Louis, Mo.
SUTCLIFFE McALLISTER & Co., Louisville, Ky.
SPINK & HOWARD, Wooster, Ohio. my1-1y

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.
GOOD NEWS FOR SUBSCRIBERS!
POSTAGE TWO CENTS!

ON THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER the new law in relation to cheap postage goes into operation, and as it brings the postage upon periodicals down fully to the lowest rates on newspapers, it must promote a

LARGE INCREASE OF MAGAZINE READERS.
THE NEW CHEAP POSTAGE LAW.

The National Intelligencer publishes the rates of postage under the new law, as prepared at the Post Office Department. The rates, when paid quarterly, in advance, are as follows—Over 3 and not over 4 ounces, 3 cents per quarter; Over 5 and not over 7 ounces, 7½ cents; Over 7 and not over 8 ounces, 9 cts.

The above rates are chargeable under the law commencing the 30th of September. Our subscribers will bear in mind that they should pay *in advance for three months*, when Graham's Magazine will cost to *any part of the United States*, except California, but *two cents per number, six cents per quarter postage*, or *24 cents per annum*. This great reduction in the postage rates must extend rapidly the mail circulation of Graham, and all other good Magazines.

Clubs *will now get their Graham for less than $2 00, postage included.*

☞ Will not our friends, Postmasters, editors and subscribers take advantage of this to extend their lists at Club rates?

☞ *Specimen copies sent to any one who desires to make up a Club.*
Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
sep18-3t-eow 134 Chesnut Street.

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.
BOOK AGENTS WANTED,
TO CANVASS FOR
NEW PICTORIAL, STANDARD, HISTORICAL AND RELIGIOUS WORKS.

THE SUBSCRIBER publishes a large number of most valuable books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence, that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a *public* benefit, and receive a *fair compensation* for their labor.

☞ To young persons of *enterprise* and tact, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with. There is not a town in the Union where a right honest and well-disposed person can fail selling from 50 to 200 Volumes, according to the population.

☞ Persons wishing to engage in their sale, will receive *promptly*, by mail, a Circular containing full particulars, with "Directions to Persons Disposed to Act as Agents," together with the terms on which they will be furnished, by addressing the subscriber, post-paid.
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
aug28-3m 181 William Street, New York.

CHESNUT ST. FEMALE SEMINARY,
525 CHESNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
MARY L. BONNEY, } Associate
HARRIETTE A. DILLAYE, } Principals.

THE NEXT YEAR OF THIS SEMINARY WILL COMMENCE September 1, 1852.

While it is the primary design of this Institution to secure to its pupils a thorough education in all the varied departments of Literature and Science, much attention is paid to Music, Painting, Pencilling and Crayon, together with the Languages, especially the French. In a word, a constant effort is made to unite *solidity with polish* throughout the intellectual structure. No effort is spared to make its boarding department *attractive and home-like.*

REFERENCES.

Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. John H. Willard, do.; Stephen W. Taylor, LL. D., Hamilton, N. Y.; Rev. R. Fuller, D. D., Baltimore, Md.; T. Fuller, M. D., Beaufort, S. C.; Hon. R. W. Barnwell, do.; Howard Malcom, D. D., Lewisburg, Pa.; Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Philadelphia; Rev. Charles Wadsworth, do.; Rev. A. D. Gillette, do.; Rev. G. Kempton, do.; Rev. T. Rambaut, Savannah, Ga.; Rev. E. Lathrop, N. Y. city; Benjamin Dayton, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; Hon. D. A. Turner, Warrenton, N. C.; R. A. Ezell, Esq., do.; Rev. R. Babcock, D. D., Philadelphia; Rev. M. A. De Wolf Howe, D. D., do.; Rev. M. G. Clark, do. aug7-3m

NOTICE TO BOOK BUYERS!
THE GREAT CENTRAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT;
CORNER OF FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS.

HENDERSON & CO.'S (Late Appleton's,) well-known Book Store, is at present located at *Fifth and Arch Streets.*

This extensive BOOK HOUSE is particularly distinguished for its superior collection of English and American editions of BOOKS recently issued, as well as for its large Stock of Standard, Theological, Historical, Biographical, Classical and Scientific Works. *Also*, for its very large collection of *old and rare* Books, to which the attention of Connoisseurs, Book-Collectors and Librarians is respectfully invited.

ORDERS from a distance accompanied by a remittance or reference as to responsibility, will meet with prompt attention, and the books will be carefully packed and forwarded as desired.

☞ Booksellers, Country Merchants, Farmers, Lawyers, Clergymen, Physicians, and Bookbuyers generally throughout the United States, will save money by sending their orders direct to the Cheap Bookstore Fifth and Arch.
jy31-3m HENDERSON & CO.

LYON'S KATHAIRON,
FOR THE GROWTH AND EMBELLISHMENT OF THE HAIR, TO PREVENT ITS FALLING OFF AND TURNING GRAY.

THE KATHAIRON neutralizes the effect of disease, climate, and old age, in *preserving and restoring the human Hair*, even after a Baldness of twenty-years; cleanses the Scalp from Scurf and Dandruff; will cure the Nervous Headache, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Diseases of the Skin, &c., and is the most desirable

TOILET ARTICLE

For Ladies' or Gentlemen's use in the world. It exhales the Perfume of the most delightful Flowers, and gives the Hair a clean, soft, bright, luxuriant appearance, obtained by no other preparation.

Put up in large Bottles at 25 cents. Sold by all principal Druggists in the world.
E. THOMAS LYON,
jy31-6m* 161 Broadway, New York.

BIGELOW'S ALTERATIVE,
A CERTAIN CURE FOR
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
GEORGE W. BLEECKER,
Proprietor, 98 Broadway, New York.
Price 50 Cents per Bottle.

I have used "Bigelow's Alterative" in my family, and have never found it to fail, when all other remedies administered by and under direction of physicians have proved ineffectual. I think it a perfect corrective for Dysenteric and all Bowel complaints.
jy24-3m GEORGE W. BEEBEE,
New York, March 22nd 1852. 47 Wall Street.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry Street, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full Jeweled, 18k. case, $28 00 and over. Gold Lepine Watches, Jeweled, 18k case, $24 00 and over. Silver Levers, full Jeweled, $12 00 and over. Silver Lepines, $9 00 and over. Gold Pens, with Pencil and Silver Case, $1 00 and over. Fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware at equally low prices. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. STAUFFER & HARLEY,
je26-1y No. 96 North Second St., Philadelphia.

WORLD'S FAIR.—The first and only PRIZE MEDAL for Harness at the World's Fair, in London, was awarded to LACEY & PHILLIPS, of this city, an honor they won over the competitors of the whole world.

Messrs. L. & P. have now, and keep constantly on hand, at their establishment, 12 and 14 South Fifth Street, the largest stock of READY-MADE HARNESS, SADDLES, &c., of any house in the United States, at greatly reduced prices. They are now manufacturing their Harness and Saddles with such perfect system, that they are enabled to sell a superior article of everything in their line, at a less price than any other house in the country.

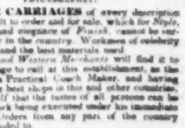
They never use but the very best quality of leather, and the best material of every description, and no pains or expense are spared to reach perfection in every article.

They invite purchasers to examine the stock and their establishment before making purchases. They invite attention to the following list of prices:

Horse blankets from	87½ to $2 50
Thick Horse Covers,	$4 00 to 7 50
Good, Plain, Serviceable, Single Harness,	18 00 to 25 00
Do. Fancy do. do. do.	28 50 to 35 00
Do. Plain Double Harness,	40 00 to 60 00
Do. Fancy do.	65 00 to 80 00

☞ Harness Makers would do well to make their purchases of us.

LACEY & PHILLIPS' Saddles and Harness are acknowledged to surpass all others for elegance, lightness and comfort, as well as for real value and wear.
12 and 14 South FIFTH Street,
oct25-1y Between Market and Chesnut Streets.



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
N. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability*, and elegance of *Finish*, cannot be surpassed by any in the *country*. Workmen of celebrity are engaged, and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibusses run from the Exchange past the Factory every few minutes.
aug 10-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, GAS FIXTURES, &c.
STORE No. 176 CHESNUT STREET.
Manufactory No. 181 Cherry St.
mar27-1y PHILADELPHIA.

CAMBLOS & BROTHERS,
EXCHANGE BANKERS,
No. 22 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.

BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS, throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest possible rates. jan3-1y

Selected Poetry.

HARVEST TIME.

God's blessing upon the reapers—all day long
A quiet sense of peace my spirit fills,
As whistled fragments of unfinished song
Blend with the rush of sickles on the hills;
And the blue wild flowers and green briar leaves
Are brightly tangled with the yellow sheaves.

Where straight and even the new furrows lie,
The corn stalks in their rising beauty stand;
Heaven's loving smile upon man's industry,
Makes beautiful with plenty the wide land:
The barns pressed but with new-made hay I see,
And feel how more than good God is to me.

In the cool thicket the red robin sings,
And merrily before the mower's scythe
Chirps the green grasshopper,—while slowly swings
In the sunny swaying air the willow lithe;
And clouds sail softly through the upper calm,
White as the fleeces of the unshorn lambs.

Contented beneath the venerable trees,
Conning his long, hard task, the school-boy lies,
And, like a fickle wooer, the light breeze
Kisses his brow; then scarcely sighing, flies,
And all about him pinks and lilies stand,
Painting with beauty the wild pasture land.

Oh! there are moments when we half-forget
The rough, harsh grating of the file of Time;
And I believe the angels come down yet,
And walk with us—as in the Eden clime;
Bidding the heart away from woe and strife,
With leaves of healing from the tree of life.

And they are most unworthy, who behold
The bountiful provision of God's care,
When reapers sing amidst the harvest gold,
And the mown meadows scent the quiet air,
And yet who never say with all the heart,
How good, my Father, oh! how good Thou art!

Selected Articles.

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A British officer, who was in the battle of New Orleans, mentions an incident of thrilling strangeness, and one very descriptive of the Western hunter, many of whom marched to the defence of New Orleans, as volunteers in the army under the renowned Andrew Jackson:

We marched, said the officer, in a solid column of twelve thousand men, in direct line upon the American defences. I belonged to the staff; and as we advanced, we watched through our glasses the position and arrangements of our enemy with that intensity an officer only feels when marching into the jaws of death, with the assurance that, while he thus offers himself as a sacrifice to the demands of his country, every action, be he successful or otherwise, will be judged with the most heartless scrutiny.

It was a strange sight, that long range of cotton bales—a new material for breastworks, with the crowd of human beings behind, their heads only visible above the line of defence. We could distinctly see their long rifles laying over the bales, and the battery of General Coffee directly in front, with its great mouth gaping toward us as they waited to devour us, and the position of General Jackson, with his staff around him. But what attracted our attention most, was the figure of a tall man standing on the breastwork, dressed in linsey-woollen, with buckskin leggins, and a broad-brimmed felt hat, that fell around the face, almost concealing his features. He was standing in one of those picturesque and graceful attitudes peculiar to those natural men-dwellers in the forests. The body rested on the left leg, and swayed with a curved line upward; the right arm was extended, the hand grasping the rifle near the muzzle, the butt of which rested near the top of his right foot, while with his hand he raised the rim of the hat from his eyes, and seemed gazing from beneath intensely upon our advancing column. The cannon of General Coffee had opened upon us, and tore through our ranks with dreadful slaughter; but we continued to advance, unwavering and cool, as if nothing threatened our progress.

The roar of cannon seemed to have no effect upon the figure standing on the cotton bales, but he seemed fixed and motionless as a statue. At last he moved, threw back the hat rim over the crown with his left hand, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at our group. Our eyes were riveted upon him. At whom had he levelled his piece? But the distance was so great that we looked at each other and smiled. We saw the rifle flash, and my right hand companion, as noble looking a fellow as ever rode at the head of his regiment, fell from his saddle. The hunter paused a few moments, without moving the gun from his shoulder, then reloaded and assumed his former attitude. Throwing the hat rim over his eyes, and again holding it up with the left hand, he fixed his piercing gaze upon us as if hunting out another victim. Once more the hat rim was thrown back, and the gun raised to the shoulder. This time we did not smile, but cast short glances at each other, to see which of us must die: and when again the rifle flashed another one of us dropped to the earth. There was something most awful in marching on to certain death.

General Coffee's battery, and thousands of musket balls playing upon our ranks, we cared not for—there was a chance of escaping unscathed. Most of us had walked upon batteries a hundred times more destructive without quailing; but to know that every time that rifle was levelled toward us, and its bullet sprang from the barrel, one of us must as surely fall; to see the gleaming sun flash as the deadly iron came down, and see it rest motionless, as if poised upon a rock, and know when the hammer struck and the sparks flew to the full primed pan, that the messenger of death drove unerringly to its goal—to know this, and still march on, was awful.

I could see nothing but the tall figure standing on the breastwork. He seemed to grow phantom-like, higher and higher, assuming through the smoke the supernatural appearance of some great spirit. Again did he reload and discharge his rifle with the same unfailing aim and it was with indescribable pleasure that I beheld, as we neared the American lines, the sulphurous cloud gathered around us, and shut that spectral hunter from my gaze. We lost the battle; and to my mind, the Kentucky riflemen contributed more to our defeat than any thing else; for while he remained to our sight, our attention was drawn from our duties, and when at last we became enshrouded in the smoke, the work was complete; we were in utter confusion, and unable, in the extremity to restore order sufficient to make any successful attack.

So long as thousands and thousands of rifles remain in the hands of the people, so long as men come up from their childhood able, ere the down appears on the chin, to hit the centre of a mark, or strike the deer at one hundred and fifty yards in the most vital point; so long as there is a great proportion of the Republic who live free as the wild Indian, knowing no leader but their own choosing, knowing no law but that of right, and the honorable observance of friendly intercourse, America is unconquerable; and all the armies of the combined world, though they might drive them from the seacoast and across the Alleghany Mountains, would not be able to subdue the free-souled hunter among the mountains and great prairies and mighty rivers of the West.

Anecdote of Girard.—We knew Stephen Girard slightly, and had occasional intercourse with him on business matters, and our impression was that his mind was diseased, and his heart soured towards man. He seemed to us like a solemn warning against setting the heart on accumulating for the sake of hoarding away. A friend of ours once solicited a contribution from Girard for some important purpose of benevolence. He stated his case, and received the prompt answer—

"I give you noting."

"But," said our friend, "consider the peculiar claims of this case," and he was about to explain them, when he was cut short with a decisive—

"I give you noting."

Our friend was young and zealous, and felt that he ought to try and bring the old man to a sense of his obligation to care for his fellow man. He suggested, therefore, to Girard, that a little of his great wealth devoted to charity would bring a great revenue of pleasure, and added—

"You have been greatly prospered and blessed in your efforts to gain property, and Providence has wonderfully favored your undertaking. Think how often that Providence has wafted your ships safely across the ocean laden with wealth, and—"

"Yes," quickly interrupted the millionaire, "and tink how often He blow him ashore. I give you noting."—*New York Organ.*

Manufacture of Scythes.—Each scythe passes through the hands of some ten or fifteen persons before it gets the finishing touch. Nearly every part of the work is done by machinery, the forging by trip-hammers, the plain bar at first being passed through differently shaped dies until the groove is made along the back, and the scythe receives its peculiar form. The heel is also turned by machinery at a single turn of the segment of a wheel. When finished, they are bound up in dozens in ropes of straw—the making of the ropes and winding them around the scythes being also done by machinery.—*N. E. Farmer.*

DANGER FROM COMETS.

Comets, in the cool eye of modern science, are not without their terrors. Crossing, as they often do, the paths of the planets in their progress to and from their perihelia, it cannot but be that they should now and then come in contact with one of these spheres. One, called Lexell's, did come athwart the satellites of Jupiter, in 1769, and once again in 1779, so as to be deranged in its own course. It made, indeed, no observable change in the movements of the Jovian train, being of too light a constituence for that; but we can doubt that it might nevertheless seriously affect the condition of their surfaces, and especially any animal life existing thereon. This very comet, on the 28th of June, 1770, passed the earth at a distance only six times that of the moon. There is another, called Biela's, which revisits the sun every six years, or a little more; and this busy traveller actually crossed our orbit, in 1832, only a month before we passed through the same point in space! Another, which made a grand appearance in the Western sky, in March, 1843, would have involved us in its tail, if we had been only a *fortnight* earlier at a particular place! Rather fine shaving, that, in the celestial economics! Now, if we consider that as many as eight comets have been observed telescopically in a single year, (1846,) we must see that the chance of a collision of this kind is not quite so small as to be unworthy of regard. If it be true that there are thousands of comets, all of which make periodical visits to the near neighborhood of the sun, it must be evident that the earth, being itself not far, comparatively speaking, from that luminary, must be rather liable as otherwise to a brush from one of these wanderers; and, indeed, the wonder is, that several thousand years should have passed without, so far as we know, any one such collision having taken place.

Seeing what a highly-organized system is formed by the physical and organic arrangements upon our planet, one is apt to think that the scheme of Providence must have been framed with a provision for the complete exclusion of such accidents. To allow of the sudden undoing of all this fair scene, which it has taken thousands of years to bring out in its full proportions, seems like a wanton destruction of valuable property, and we are not disposed to believe that such a thing could be permitted. But we must at the same time remember, that our sense of what is important and consequential has a regard to the earth alone, which is but a trifling atom in the universe. Who can tell what are the limits which the Master of worlds has set to mundane calamity? And assuredly, even though a whole solar system were here and there, now and then, to be remodelled in respect of all such arrangements as have been spoken of, it could not be supposed to be a very great event in the progress of the entire scheme, seeing that astronomy has taught us to regard such systems as no more than particles in the dust-cloud, or grains of sand on the sea-shore. It must, then, in sober reasoning be admitted, that our mere abhorrence of so much destruction is no guidance to our judgment on this point: and that for anything we can see of the plans of Providence, an entanglement of our globe with a comet may take place any day, with consequences incalculably damaging, for the meantime, though not conclusively destructive, and perhaps necessary as a step towards an improved system of things,—the bringing in of what Ben Jonson calls "an age of better metal."

In the frame of mind which these speculations induce—not very greatly alarmed about such extraordinary contingencies, yet not insensible to the solemnity of the thought of what may come to pass, even before our living eyes,—it is curious, and not necessarily unpleasant to consider what might be the actual phenomena attending a cometary collision. We know not what comets are composed of, but are certain that they consist of some palpable matter, however diffused, for they observe the rules of motion in their revolutions round the sun. On the whole, the most plausible supposition as to their composition, is that which regards them as watery vapor or cloud, of great tenuity. How like, for example, to the doings of a cloud, is the splitting into two, which has been occasionally observed in them! Well, if they be clouds, the coming of one into contact with our earth, would most likely deposit with us an immense addition to our stock of water. It would be instantaneous, or nearly so. Only think of a sudden fall of water sufficient to raise the ocean a hundred feet, and submerge all parts of the land which were less than that height above the present level of the sea! There would, of course, be a fearful abridgement of our continents; all big islands would be made little; and many littler ones would cease to be. The surviving lands would be so swept by the flood, that scarcely any of the present features would remain unchanged. All animals and moving things would be engulfed. In a few minutes, this brawling, chattering, bustling world would be stilled in universal death. What a settlement of "questions" there! What a strike of work! What a command of silence!

TRAVELLING IN SWEDEN.

"Beta," the foreign correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, in a recent letter, gives the following description of the mode of travelling in Sweden:

"The posting system in Sweden is a very peculiar one. No carriages are furnished except a little one-horse cart, without springs, so that if you wish to travel with any comfort you must take your own carriage with you, and this must not only be provided with a large pot of grease hung from the axle beneath it, but also with a full set of blacksmith's tools, to be ready for any not too extraordinary emergency. Except in a few of the large towns, no horses are kept in readiness, but when a traveller arrives they are brought from the peasants living in the vicinity, who are obliged to furnish them, however inconvenient it may be. But they are allowed to keep the traveller waiting three hours, at the expiration of which time the station master must, under heavy penalties, have the horses ready.

"This possible delay, however, can be entirely avoided by sending what is called a 'forbud,' that is, a messenger, to say that at such a time you need a certain number of horses, and if they are not then ready, the station master is subjected to a heavy fine; and a book is always provided in which complaints may be written, and which is examined at fixed intervals by the proper authorities. Horses may be kept waiting an hour without any extra charge, after which the charge is twelve shillings, or six cents an hour per horse, till at the expiration of five hours, when the peasant is at liberty to take his horses home. The traveller or his servant is usually expected to drive, some one, commonly a boy, going along to take back the horses, and carrying with him a huge bundle of hay, or two or three large crackers made of coarse black meal, with which to feed them. With one horse, only one person may travel, with two horses three, in both cases of course not including the boy.

"The Swedes, when travelling alone, usually take with them a sort of two-seated narrow sulky, the traveller sitting before and the boy behind, or sometimes there is merely a standing place for the unfortunate boy. The cost of travelling in this manner varies somewhat with the district of the country, but it is, perhaps, fair to give as the average, 18 cents per horse per Swedish mile, which is equivalent to a fraction less than seven English miles. On leaving the large towns, the cost is more, but in the more remote districts it does not exceed 12½ cents per mile. A 'forbud' costs the price of one horse, and with a couple of cents you make the boy as happy as a king. At this season of the year, however, I have found it quite unnecessary to send on a 'forbud,' for I have, till now, with one or two exceptions, got horses immediately on my arrival, though occasionally I have been obliged to offer a twelve shilling piece extra, if the horses were there in ten minutes.

"In this way I have averaged, inclusive of the time lost in changing horses, a Swedish mile per hour, a rate of speed which is, in part at least, owing to the excellent roads which seem to exist all over the country, and in part also to the Swedish horses, which are usually small, tough-looking little creatures, seldom fed on anything but hay, and yet seemingly possessing great powers of endurance. They go slow up hill, but make up for this by dashing down even the steepest hills at a rate which sets an Englishman's hair all on end, and occasionally has a strong tendency to cause an American's to assume a perpendicular position. It seems to be the custom to cut off the horses' manes quite short, so to leave only a wild, boar-like crest standing up along the back of the neck, which, as you may easily imagine, gives to them a peculiar appearance. The traveller usually takes his harness with him. With its rope reins and other 'fixins,' it is seldom remarkable for beauty, whatever may be its excellences in regard to strength. The traces are never unfastened from the whiffle-trees, but by some, to me, quite obscure process, in which kicking, frisking, lifting, lowering, and swearing are combined in about equal proportions, the poor animals are got into and out of the harness."

☞ Talleyrand, being questioned on one occasion by a man who squinted awfully, with several importunate questions, concerning his leg, recently broken, replied:—"It is quite *crooked*, as you see."

Wit and Humor.

AN AUCTION SCENE.

Strolling through our city, we slumped into an auction-room to see what bargains we could make. The auctioneer was on the stand with a piece of calico.

"Eight cents a yard," was bid.

"I'll give you ten," says another.

"Going at ten! Going! gone. Yours, madam; walk in and settle."

"I didn't bid on it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"We'll thank persons not to bid if they don't want an article," said the auctioneer.

"Going, then, at eight! Who says more than eight?"

"Nine cents," said an old gentleman opposite.

"Nine! nine! Who says ten? Going at nine! Going, gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cents."

"I didn't bid," said the gentleman. "I don't want it; I wouldn't give five cents for the whole piece."

(Auctioneer, Getting mad.) "If any one bids again, they will have to take the article, or get into trouble." (Throwing down angrily the piece of calico.) Give me something else. Ah, gentlemen, here is a fine piece of *diaper!* What can I get for this? Anything you please."

"I'll start it at five."

"Ten," says another.

"Twelve-and-a-half," says a third.

"Thirteen," cries an old lady.

"Fourteen, fifteen," cried several voices.

"Fifteen, I am offered; fifteen—done at fifteen! can't dwell! going! g-o-i-n-g! gone! Yours, sir. Step up, whoever bid."

No one came; all eyes staring in various parts of the room.

"Going, then, at fourteen! Yours, sir; walk up here."

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

"Thirteen, then, madam; you can have it at your bid."

"I didn't bid. What do you think I want of that article?" said the old lady, indignantly.

"Here, I'll take it at thirteen," exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant stepped forward.

"Who says they'll take it at thirteen?"

"I do," said an old fat-faced farmer.

"Well, sir, walk up and take it."

"I'm afraid it's stolen goods!" says the fat-faced man.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down, and was about to collar the old man, when a person right behind him cried,

"Don't strike him! It was me that said you stole them."

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog apparently right at his heels, snuffed and barked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon his counter, he ordered the crowd to leave. An acquaintance, at our elbow, no longer able to control himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a genteel little man passed out at the door whom he told us was Blitz, *the ventriloquist.*—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Sailors and Books.—From "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," we take the following characteristic anecdote of a Jack Tar:

On Sunday in the latter part of a passage from the East Indies, one of my watchmates, an old sea-dog, closed a little carefully preserved Testament, and slapping it on his knee, said, with a triumphant air, as if henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of glory and no mistake,—"There! I've read that book through, every word on't, this voyage;—and, damme, if I ha'nt got more good out on't than I should 'a got going aft long with the rest on ye, to hear that old pharisee (the capt.) make his long prayers." Then, after gazing at it a few moments, he added, musingly, as if reflecting on the mutability of human affairs, "I hookt that book from a feller named Abe Williams, to the Home, down to Providence, 'bout five years ago. His name was in't, but I tore it out. I wonder what's become on him now; dead,—as like as not," (puts it up and takes out his pipe;) "well, God'll have mercy on his soul, I hope."

A Woman's Desert.—The following illustrative idea of what a desert is in female mind? is extracted from a novel entitled "Marriage:"

Douglas saw the storm gathering on the brow of his capricious wife, and clasping her in his arms:

"Are you indeed so changed, my Julia, that you have forgot the time when you used to declare you would prefer a desert with your Henry, to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed: but—I—I did not then know what a desert was; or at least, I had formed rather a different idea of it."

"What was your idea of a desert?" said her husband, laughing; "do tell me, love—"

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and though very retired, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give *dejeunes and fetes champetres.*"

Judicial Dignity.—The following conversation is said to have occurred between a venerable old lady and a certain *quondam* presiding judge of this county. The learned disciple of Blackstone was supported on his right and left by his worthy associates, when Mrs. P. was called up to give evidence.

"Take off your bonnet, madam!"

"I had rather not, sir."

"But, madam, I insist upon it; take off your bonnet, I say!"

"In public assemblies, sir, women generally cover their heads. Such is the custom elsewhere, and I'll not take off my bonnet!"

"Do you hear that, gentlemen? She pretends to know more about the matters than the judge himself! Had you not, madam, better come and take a seat upon the bench?"

"No, sir, I thank you, for I really think there are old women enough there already!"—*Cin. Atlas.*

Byron's Application of the Office of Poet Laureate, Vacant by the Death of Pye.—"My lord (Chamberlain)—Having many hours of idleness on my hands, and being an adept at versification, it would not be unacceptable to me to try the experiment of writing the laureate odes, in order to ascertain if that new pursuit would kill the ennui by which I am devoured. Being in politics between a Whig and a Jacobin, the subject of our Sovereign's praise will have so much of the Romaunt in my eyes, as sufficiently to resemble the species of composition in which I am most successful. My desires, my lord, do not point at the perquisites or emoluments of the office. Wine I now loathe, money I detest, praise is irksome to me, and the world only one dull round of apathy and misanthropy. It is for variety I undertake the task, and, if possible, to amuse the forlorn."—Byron.—*Autobiography of W. Jerdan.*

A Hard Story.—The editor of the *Rochester (N. Y.) American*, who, by-the-way, never loses an opportunity to tell a good story, says that the day after the loss of the Atlantic on Lake Erie, an individual at Detroit, whose wife was on board, and supposed to have been drowned, exhibited very extraordinary manifestations of grief, somewhat to the surprise of his neighbors, who never suspected him of being a fond husband. While he was thus boisterously bewailing his loss, a boy arrived in haste from the telegraph office. A wag stopped the lad.

"Isn't Mr. ——— in here?" said the latter.

"Yes."

"I have a dispatch for him; his wife is *saved.*"

"Ah, well," said the wag, "don't tell him; the poor fellow feels bad enough already."

Stammering Wit.—Stammering, (says Coleridge,) is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the Duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly *cold* it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way; "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cum-berl-and.*"

An Experiment.—"Dennis, darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?"

"Whist, Biddy, I'm trying an expirament!"

"Murder! what is it?"

"What is it, did you say? Why it's giving hot wather to the chickens I am, so they'll be afther laying boiled eggs!"

The Blind and the Deaf.—Dr. Kitto is of opinion that the blind are less unfortunate and happier than the deaf; in fact, they are always more cheerful, and far more numerous instances of talent and attainment among the blind are recorded than among the deaf. Those born blind are said to possess a great superiority of intelligence over those born deaf. As to personal contentment under these afflictions, it is said that the blind who hear, always prefer their hearing, and the deaf who see, on the other hand, prefer their sight; each thinks his own calamity the most tolerable, and the sense that remains the greatest blessing.

Our Picture Gallery.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Angelina, (the Wife of his Bosom.)—"Well, Edwin, if you can't make the 'things,' as you call them, meet, you need not swear so. It's really quite dreadful."

Miscellaneous.

RICHARD OF THE LION-HEART.

In sooth it was a glorious day
For vassal and for lord,
When Cœur de Lion had the sway
In battle and at board.
He was indeed a royal one,
A Prince of Paladins;
Hero of triumph and of tun,
Of noisy fray and noisy fun,
Broad shoulders and broad grins.
You might have looked from East to West,
And then from North to South,
And never found an ampler breast,
Never an ampler mouth.
A softer tone for lady's ear,
A daintier lip for syrup,
Or a ruder grasp for axe and spear,
Or a firmer foot in stirrup.

A ponderous thing was Richard's can,
And so was Richard's boot,
And Saracens and liquor ran
Where'er he set his foot.
So fiddling here, and fighting there,
And murdering time and tune,
With sturdy limb, and listless air
And gauntleted hand, and jewelled hair,
Half monarch, half buffoon;
He turned away from feast to fray,
From quarrelling to quaffing,
So great in prowess and in pranks,
So fierce and funny in the ranks,
That Saladin and Soldan said,
Where'er that mad-cap Richard led,
Allah! he held his breath for dread,
And burst his sides for laughing!

THE FAIRY WIFE.

A merchant married a Fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained towards him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of woman.

They were married: they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream.

Before the year was over, he had returned to his affairs; they were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. But every evening as he hastened back to her side, she felt the weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet, and sang to him, and prattled away the remnant of care that lingered in his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his bales of merchandize, she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising airy gaieties, with which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of care. Life was abounding in her; she knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh; to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he used in the old lover days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water-lily; to tantalize and enchant him with a thousand capricious coquetries—this was her idea of how they should live; and when he gently refused to join her in these childlike gambols, and told her of the serious work that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him in baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant, but acquiescing, with a sigh, because he said it.

She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was love, and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was love, and something more; and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of care, raised by busy hands, was gradually shutting him out from her. If she visited him during the day, she found herself a hindrance, and retired. When he came to her at sunset, he came pre-occupied. She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripple of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft, beseeching eyes; but there was something in his eyes, a remote look as if his soul were afar, busy with other things, which made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times, when he was absorbed in calculation, and, throwing her arms round his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depth, would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being on one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him—she could not win his life; she could charm, she could not occupy him! The painful truth came slowly over her, as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny day, until at last it was night; night with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen-sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there, grieving and apparently absorbed in her, there still came dim remembrances of care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "I am not good enough for him." Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of incomplete life! Not good enough, because her whole life was centred in one whose life was scattered!

And so she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated life.—The night was starless, and he alone.—*London Leader.*

Mrs. Siddons and the Bas Bleu.—At the time when Mrs. Siddons had just reached her high theatrical fame, and had acted some of her principal characters to the admiration of all who had beheld her, a formal assembly of learned ladies, consisting of Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and sundry other members of the *bas bleu*, met, and prevailed upon Mrs. Siddons to be of the party. The object was to examine her, and to get from her the secret how she could act with such wonderful effect. Mrs. Montague was deputed to be the prolocutress of this female convocation. "Pray, madam," said she to Mrs. Siddons, addressing her in the most formal manner, "give me leave to interrogate you, and to request that you will tell us, without duplicity or mental reservation, upon what principle you conduct your dramatic demeanor. Is your mode of acting, by which you obtain so much celebrity, the result of certain studied principle of art? Have you investigated, with profound research, the rules of elocution and gesture, as laid down by the ancients and moderns, and reduced them to practice? or do you suffer nature to predominate, and only speak the untutored language of the passions?"

"Ladies," said the modern Thalia, with great diffidence, but without hesitation, "I do not know how to answer so learned a speech; all I know of the matter, and all I can tell you, is, that I always act *as well as I can.*"

Bad Books and Evil Company.—Sir Peter Lely made a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience, that whenever he did so, his pencil took a hint from it.—Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

BE FORGIVING.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city."

"Come here, sir!" said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate-looking lad by the shoulder. "You've been in the water again, sir! Haven't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No 'buts'! Haven't I forbidden it—hey?"

"Yes, sir. I was—"

"No reply, sir!" And the blows fell like a hail-storm about the child's head and shoulders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you are sent for! I'll master that spirit of yours before you are many days older."

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile, delicate woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples startingly transparent. Laying her hand softly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched, and the waters gushed forth.

"Dear mother!" said the weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet, with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother, he's a tyrant to you and to me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father!"

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words? Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother! It's too bad, I say; he's a tyrant, mother," said the boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth, "and if it were not for you, I would have been leagues off long ago. And there's Nellie, too, poor, sick child! What good will all her medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footstep. I say, 'tis brutal, mother!"

"Harry!" (and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips,) "for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake—yours and poor Nellie's—or I should be on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here!"

Late that night Mary Lee stole to her boy's bedside, before retiring to rest. "God be thanked, he sleeps," she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from his face. Then kneeling at his bedside, she prayed for patience and wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then—she prayed for him.

"No, no, not that!" said Harry, springing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck; "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will for what he has made you suffer; don't pray for him; at least don't let me hear it!"

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She knew her boy was spirit-sore under the sense of recent injustice; so she laid down beside him, and resting her tearful cheek against his, repeated, in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.

"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel; and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"

There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house, that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those angry blows on that young head.

The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with the word that his boy must die!

"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head drooped on his mother's shoulder.

It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow; and now, when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples, and the hasty word springs to his lip, the pale face of the dead rises up between him and the offender, and an angel voice whispers—"Peace! be still!"—*Boston Olive Branch.*

ENEMIES OF THE OYSTER.

The enemies of the oyster are many, and all of them go about seeking what oysters they may devour. First comes the sea-crab, who seats himself on an oyster, and drills little round holes in his back, and makes poor oyster's back ache, which causes him to open his mouth to take a long breath, when the villainous crab runs a "stinger" down his throat, and poor oyster is in the sea-crab's stomach. On the sea-shore bushels of shells are found, perfectly riddled with holes by the crabs. Sometimes the crab flies the oyster's nose off, so as to run in his stinger.

Second comes the drum-fish, who weighs about thirty or forty pounds, and is about two feet long—he is large about the stomach, and tapers off towards both ends. He is by no means a modest fish, for just as soon as his eye rests on an oyster, he starts towards him, for the purpose of making his acquaintance, and grabbing him in his mouth, smashes him into chowder, "in the twinkling of a cat's tail," and immediately looks about for his nearest relative—being opposed to having families separated, he is anxious to have them all rest in his stomach at once. It is often the case that two or three pounds of oyster-shells are found in a drum-fish's stomach.

Third, comes the sea-star—everybody knows what a sea-star is, for they look just like a star. These stars have five points, but no legs; and, as they do not keep horses and wagons, they find it very inconvenient to go a-foot—not having any feet—so when they wish to travel they lock themselves fast to each other until they form a large hill, sometimes to be driven about by the waves of the sea, and roll away, they know not, nor care not whither, but if they happen to roll over an oyster-bed, they all immediately let loose of each other, and hug an oyster, and wrap their five points about him, and hug him closely, hug him dearly, until the oyster desires him to stop, and just opens his mouth to say, "hold, enough," when the rascally star runs a little "nipper" down oyster's nose, and he is a "goner."

Fourth, comes man, with dredging-irons, with scoop, shovels, and tongs, pulling him out, and making him into oyster soup, pie, fry, roast, and so on and so forth, eating him whole, and indiscriminately, body and soul, without saving the pieces.

Thus it is with poor oyster; troubles beset him on every side, and though thousands desire to have him, yet none wish to be him.—*Northern Journal.*

Glances.—Perhaps the short hasty glances cast up any day in the midst of business in a dense city, at the heavens, or at a bit of tree seen amid buildings—gazes which partake almost more of a sigh than a look—have in them more of intense appreciation of the beauties of nature than all that has been felt by an equal number of sight-seers enjoying large opportunities of sight-seeing, and all their time to themselves. Like a prayer offered up in everyday life, these short, fond gazes at nature have something inconceivably beautiful in them.

An East Indian Mason; or, How they Build Houses in India.—A writer in Chambers's Journal gives the following account of the manner of laying bricks in East India:

"Time, which the Englishman values so money, has a very secondary place in the estimation of the Oriental; and all his tools and methods of working seem to be contrived with the view of consuming as much of that valuable commodity as possible.

"The Radj, or bricklayer, is, I think, about the best illustration of this. He works with a trowel about the size of an ordinary tablespoon, and a small hammer, weighing about six ounces. Armed with these, and squatting before his work, he, in a loud voice, summons his rundees, (women, two of whom always wait upon each radj,) and orders them to bring *eentes* and *mesala*, (bricks and mortar.) The rundees in due season make their appearance, one with a brick in each hand, and the other with a small wooden trencher, about the size of a bread-basket, filled with the masala. Without changing his position, he empties the trencher on the extended bed of the brick, and it seldom contains more than enough for two bricks. He now spreads the mortar evenly with his trowel, assisting the process by adding water from a small earthenware pitcher, handed to him by an attendant rundee; and as the bricks are often very irregular in shape, he has three or four minutes to spend in chipping off the irregularities with his hammer; and if he be at all fastidious, or the brick unusually bad, he will spend twice as much as this. It is at this part of the process that the patience of an Englishman gives way; and with an impatient *kis waste* (what for) addressed to the apathetic radj, he gives vent to his feelings in a string of English adjectives, addressed to no one in particular. I once heard an energetic indigo planter declare that he would at any time walk a mile in the hottest sunshine rather than be condemned to contemplate the proceedings of the masons at work on his own factory.

"After the radj has got the brick laid down, there is a complicated process to go through with a string and ball of stone. The string is provided with a small slip of hoop-iron, and made to slip up and down the string by a small hole pierced in the centre. In order to ensure the perpendicular line of the wall, he applies the end of the slip of iron to the side of the brick last laid, and allows the ball to hang at some distance below; and as by means of the slip of iron at the top the string is held from the brick at the distance of the radius of the ball, if the brick be properly placed, the plummet-stone will just touch the wall below. It was all in vain that I made a straight-edge and plumb-line in the English fashion, and showed them that by using it they would save themselves the trouble of testing the position of each brick as it was laid. So long as I stood beside them they pretended to use it; but the moment my back was turned out came the time-honored plummet that had assisted in building the oldest temples in Hindostan, and was certainly quite good enough for anything a *feeringhee* like me could require.

"I am much within the mark when I say that a single English bricklayer and hodman could in one day do the work of a dozen radjs, rundees and all; and do it much better, too. One would imagine from this that building was very expensive in India, but the contrary is the case. An English bricklayer and hodman will cost from eight to ten shillings a day, while the Indian radj and his two attendant rundees will not cost more than from threepence to fourpence per day."

Excessive Dullness of a Well Governed State.—It is somewhere said that "evil is good in the making;" this is a brave and noble saying; it were to be wished, however, that our part of the process were a little better understood and less dilatory. At the same time it must be admitted that a good deal of nonsense is thought and talked about this question of evil; and we sometimes seem to want a sugared kind of universal beneficence and happiness, which really and truly may be a very low form of either.

How supremely dull, for instance, a perfectly well governed State would be. On the other hand, how exquisitely humorous, though very sad withal, is the present condition of things.—You see rabid attempts at freedom result in twisting the chains more closely and painfully around the shouters for freedom. You see the effort to bring more and more assured wisdom and virtue, under the shape of popular opinion, into the administration of affairs, result occasionally in reducing constitutional governments to a dead lock in all the most useful purposes of government. Then look at the men in power. I believe we British have been as well governed as we deserve, perhaps better; but we sometimes have men in high authority among us, even as Cabinet Ministers, to whom no prudent private persons would give six-and-twenty shillings a-week for anything they could do. This is very humorous, possibly a shade too comic, when you think what a vast nation this is, flowing over with unused men of great ability. But life is full of such deep drollery.

Look at the way men rise to honor. You see a person whom Nature meant to be industriously obscure; and yet such men will become the founder of a family; and his children will bear titles and enjoy substantial power as long as the kingdom lasts. If you ask what were this man's public deserts, it is a matter which a few persons well-informed in political affairs might be able to explain to you; but for the great mass of mankind, it is perfectly unintelligible. They never heard of the man's name, or gave the least heed to it, before they heard of his ennoblement. This, too, is humorous.

Do not pretend, however, because you Americans have no system of hereditary honors, that what honors you have are bestowed much more wisely than ours. For I should beg leave to doubt that.

Nor, again, is it in government alone that the drollery I have spoken of before is visible. Success in ordinary life often depends as much upon defects and redundancies as upon merits. There are even instances of men who succeed in life by the fear and aversion of their fellow men; and these disagreeable persons are got rid of by being pushed up higher and higher in consequence of the good qualities which their good parents always labored to correct in them. In the meantime, persons of real worth are too much prized by those around them to be advanced. Thoughtful men have often fretted overmuch, as it seems to me, about such things; for, putting aside higher views, without these motley occurrences in life, where would be its tragedy, or its comedy, or its tragi-comedy, all so deeply interesting and instructive?

Well, what I wanted to come to is, that if the systems of perfect good, which men often propose to themselves in their fond imaginations, were adopted, all wit, humor, contrast, forbearance in the highest sense, bravery and independence would run some chance of being done away with. This may be a sufficient answer to any weak repinings about the *moderate* evils and anomalies which I have been alluding to.—*Arthur Helps.*

☞ A lady down-East has sent for one of Espy's ventilators to prevent her husband from smoking.

For Housekeepers.

Composition Cake.—Two cups of butter, three cups of sugar, five cups of flour, five eggs, one cup of milk, one tea-spoonful of dissolved saleratus, two table-spoonsful of brandy, one pound of raisins, half a nutmeg grated. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream, beat the eggs and add to it, then the spice, liquor and saleratus; lastly the raisins, which must be seeded and floured. Line your pans with paper, well buttered, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven.

Scotch Loaf.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, ten eggs, half a gill of rose-water, one table-spoonful of dissolved saleratus, one pound of dried currants, two teaspoonsful of ground cinnamon. Pick, wash, and dry the currants, and dredge as much flour over as will adhere to them. Beat the butter and sugar till it is smooth and light; whisk the eggs to a froth, stir them into the butter and sugar alternately with the flour; add the spice and liquor, beat the whole very hard for ten minutes; lastly stir in the fruit and saleratus. Butter an earthen cake-mould or iron pan, pour in the mixture, and bake for about two hours in a moderate oven.—*National Cook Book.*

Drying Tomatoes.—The following has been furnished us by a very skillful housewife, who is particularly successful in the preparation of garden products—we have tried her dried tomatoes in winter, and found them most excellent.—*Albany Cultivator.*

The method is very simple. They are to be peeled in the usual way; then if very ripe pour off some of the juice, stew them slightly, sufficiently to cook them through, and salt them to the taste. Then spread them on earthen (not tin) dishes, and put them in a warm oven. The best way is to put them in a brick oven, when the bread is taken out, but a stove does very well. They cannot be dried in the sun like peaches; they are so juicy they need more heat. When dry, put them in bags, and in winter they only need soaking an hour or two, then stew and season with butter and pepper, and one would hardly distinguish them from fresh fruit.

The Olio.

THEY TALK TO ME OF OTHERS.

They talk to me of others,
As fair, they say, as thou;
With eye as darkly glorious,
With such a god-like brow;
They speak of wealth and station—
'Tis all in vain to me;
For while they talk of others,
I think alone of thee.

They tell me time is fleeting,
And youth will soon be o'er;
They bid me seize the present,
And nurse the past no more;
They point me to the future—
"So lone as it must be"—
They know not that my spirit
Is linked for aye to thee.

They cannot, cannot move me,
My purpose is my own;
To onward eye it may be
I walk the world alone;
My inward world is peopled
With thought and feeling free,
And life can ne'er be lonely
While I may think of thee.

Boston Transcript.

Home and Wife on Saturday Night.—Happy is the man who has a home and a little angel in it of a Saturday night. A house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so, no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow; close the curtains!

What if they are calico, or plain white, without border, tassel, or any such thing? Let rain come down; heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coals make, reddening, clouding, shedding a sunset through the room; just enough to talk by, not loud, as in the highways; not rapid, as in the hurrying world, but softly, whisperingly, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up.

Then wheel the sofa round before the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned at that, if so be it is just long enough for two, or say two and a half, with the two and a half in it.

Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a half statute miles nearer "kingdom come" than any other point in this world laid down in the "Malte Brun."

Rural Life.—In cultivated country life, everything lends its aid to awaken the finer sentiments of our nature. The occupations of our country are full of health for both soul and body, and for the most refined as well as the most rustic taste. The heart has there, always within its reach, something on which to bestow its affections. We beget a partiality for every copse that we have planted, every tree which has for years given us a welcome under its shady boughs. Every winding path through the woods, every secluded resting-place in the valley, every dell where the brook lives and sings, becomes part of our affections, friendships, joys and sorrows. Happy is he who lives this life of a cultivated mind in the country.—*Downing.*

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Sweet Robin, I have heard them say,
That thou wert there upon that day
When Christ was crowned in cruel scorn,
And bore away one bleeding thorn;
That so the blush upon thy breast,
In shameful sorrow was impressed;
And thence thy genial sympathy
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's blood like thee;
Bear on my breast, whate'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the cross;
Live, ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship with human kind;
And take my patterns still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

For the Young.

WATER.

Q. What is *water?*

A. Water is a fluid, composed of oxygen and hydrogen, in the proportion of eight parts of oxygen to one part of hydrogen.

Q. Why is *water fluid?*

A. Because its particles are kept separate by *latent heat;* when a certain quantity of this latent heat is driven out *water becomes solid*, and is called ice.

By increasing its *latent heat*, the particles of water are again subdivided into *invisible steam.*

Q. Why is *pump-water* called "*hard water?*"

A. Because it is laden with foreign matters, and will not readily *dissolve substances* immersed in it.

Q. What makes *pump-water hard?*

A. When it filters through the earth, it becomes impregnated with *sulphate of lime*, and many other impurities from the *earths and minerals* with which it comes in contact.

Q. What is the cause of *mineral springs?*

A. When water trickles through the ground, it dissolves some of the substances with which it comes in contact; if these substances are metalic, the water will partake of their mineral character.

Some water is imbued with *lime*; some with *salt*, etc., etc.

Q. Why is it difficult to *wash our hands* clean with *hard* water?

A. Because the *soda of the soap* combines with the *sulphuric acid* of the hard water—and the *oil of the soap* with the *lime*—and floats in flakes on the top of the water.

N. B. Sulphate of lime consists of sulphuric acid and lime.

Q. Why is it difficult to wash in *salt water?*

A. Because it contains *muriatic acid;* and the *soda of soap* combines with the *muriatic acid of the salt water*, and produces a cloudiness.

Q. What is the cause of *petrifactions?*

A. While water rolls under ground, its impurities are held in solution by the presence of carbonic acid; but when the steam reaches the open air, its carbonic acid escapes, and these impurities are precipitated on various substances lying in the course of the stream.

These impurities are especially carbonate of lime and iron.

Q. Why does *water clean dirty linen?*

A. Because it *dissolves* the stains, as it would dissolve salt.

Q. Why does *soap* greatly *increase* the cleansing power of water?

A. Because many stains are of a *greasy nature;* and soap has the power of *uniting with greasy* matters, and rendering them soluble in water.

Q. Why is *rain-water soft?*

A. Because it is not impregnated with *earths* and *minerals.*

Q. Why is it *more easy* to *wash* with *soft* water, than with *hard?*

A. Because soft water unites freely with soap, and *dissolves* it; instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.

Q. Why do *wood ashes* make hard water *soft?*

A. 1st.—Because the *carbonic acid* of *wood ashes* combines with the *sulphate of lime* in the hard water, and converts it into *chalk;* and

2nd.—Wood ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment; in consequence of which, the water remains more pure.

Q. Why has *rain-water* such an *unpleasant smell*, when it is collected in a rain-water tub or tank?

A. Because it is impregnated with *decomposed* organic matters, washed from roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.

Q. Why does melted *sugar* or *salt* give a *flavor* to water?

A. Because the sugar or salt (being disunited into very minute particles,) *floats* about the water, and mixes with every part.

Q. Why does *hot* water melt sugar and salt *quicker* than *cold* water?

A. Because the *heat* (entering the pores of the sugar or salt,) opens a passage for the water.

Q. Why is *sea-water* brackish?

A. 1st.—Because the sea contains *mines of salt* at the bottom of its bed;

2nd.—It is impregnated with *bituminous matter*, which is brackish; and

3rd.—It contains many *putrid substances* of a brackish nature.

Q. Why is *not rain-water salt*, although most of it is evaporated from the *sea?*

A. Because *salt* will not *evaporate;* and, therefore, when sea-water is turned into vapor, its *salt* is left behind.

Q. Why does *running* water *oscillate* and *whirl* in its current?

A. 1st.—Because it *impinges* against its *banks*, and is perpetually diverted from its forward motion; and

2nd.—Because the *centre* of a river flows faster than its sides.

Q. Why do the *sides* of a river flow more *tardily* than its *centre?*

A. Because they *rub* against the *banks*, and are delayed in their current by this friction.—From "*Familiar Science*," *edited by R. E. Peterson.*

Agricultural.

POTATO DISEASE.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1851, offered a prize of $10,000 to any one who should satisfy the Governor and Council that, by a test of at least five successive years, he had discovered a sure remedy for the potato rot.—Several communications have been received on this subject, which are published by the authority of the Legislature, of which we publish the following summary, by Hon. Amasa Walker, Secretary of State:

Although these communications may not furnish any perfect cure or preventive of the potato disease, yet they agree in so many important points, and offer so many valuable hints, relating to the nature, cultivation, preservation and improvement of the potato, that they cannot fail to be of great public utility. The similarity of views expressed by the most intelligent and experienced writers, relating to the nature, cultivation, disease, and cure of the potato, is truly remarkable, and we think auspicious. Among the principal points, relating to which there is a general concurrence, are the following:

Soundness and Vitality of the Seed.—Renewing the seed from the ball of healthy, vigorous plants every few years, even resorting to the native place in South America, and taking the seed from the wild potato, is considered important. When potatoes are to be raised from the tuber, sound, healthy, whole potatoes are recommended for planting. Cutting potatoes is decidedly condemned. Anything which impairs the vitality of the seed, increases the liability to disease.

Quality or Kind of Soil.—A dry, light, loose, warm soil, is considered necessary to the soundness and health of the vegetable, as well as to its richness and flavor, the latter depending quite as much on the quality of soil as on the variety of seed. A wet, heavy, compact soil directly promotes the disorder. Far up on the side of a mountain or hill is a favorable location for the growth of the potato; and new land contains more of the qualities requisite for its nourishment and health, than old or worn-out soils.

Influence of Atmosphere.—Potatoes should be as little exposed to the air as conveniently may be. Their natural place is under ground. By too much exposure, they become poisoned, and turn green. Some recommend depositing them for the Winter in holes under ground in a dry soil; or if kept in a cellar, to preserve them dry, in small quantities, in sand; and to keep them cool. Keeping large quantities in a body in the cellar, is by some supposed to promote heat and putrefaction. Planting in the Fall is recommended by some, as potatoes left in the field, over Winter, are observed to come forward earlier in the Spring, to grow more vigorously, to get ripe earlier and before the blighting rains in August, and to be more sound, fair, and healthy.

Manures.—All anti-putrescents, such as lime, wood-ashes, pulverized charcoal, plaster, salt, nitrogen, &c., are believed to contribute directly to the health of the potato, as well as to add to its richness and flavor; and, of course, to prevent putrefaction and disease. Of other manures, well-rotted compost is preferred.—Stable manure is too strong and heating, and produces ill-flavored, unhealthy potatoes, and is decidedly condemned.

Disease, Contagion, Old Age and Death.—These are common to vegetables as well as to animals. All are liable to disease, some more, some less, according to circumstances, predisposing causes, and preventive means. Some vegetable diseases are believed to be contagious. The present disease is thought by many to be of that class. One field of potatoes is liable to take the disorder from another field. Potatoes are predisposed to disease, by bad cultivation, old age, bad soil, bad manures, sudden changes of weather, warm rains, &c.

Ravages of Insects, Fungi, &c.—The best writers consider the ravages of insects as at most but a predisposing cause, rendering the potato more liable to disease by enfeebling the plant. By many writers, insects are considered as remotely affecting the potato; by others, as having no effect at all. The fungus on potatoes is not the cause of the rot. It finds the potato, previously diseased, a fit subject for its operation.

The general conclusions to which the facts presented in these various communications seem to lead us, are:

1. That the disease has a striking resemblance to the cholera, and probably exists in the atmosphere.

2. That it is doubtful whether any specific cure has been, or ever will be discovered;—but,

3. As, in cholera, certain preventives are well ascertained, by the application of which, the liabilities to disease may be greatly lessened.

4. That by obtaining the soundest seed, by planting in the most favorable soils, and by using the most suitable manures, we may have a good degree of confidence in the successful cultivation of this useful vegetable.

5. That we may expect, that like the cholera, the potato rot will become less and less formidable from year to year, and eventually subside into a mild and manageable epidemic, if that term may be used in such a connection.

The several points on which there is an unanimity of opinion, are worthy the especial attention of farmers. By a careful selection of seed, and locality, and particular reference to the kind of manure used, very much of this disease may be avoided. If facts like the above, well substantiated by experiments in all sections of the country, could be presented to the entire mass of farmers, and they would govern their modes of culture by rules so established, we cannot well estimate the increase which would result in a single year in a crop so extensively cultivated as the potato.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Old Tan a Remedy for the Potato Disease.—Owing to the prevalence of disease, I am again induced to recommend planting in old tan, which has proved the best and only remedy I have yet met with; and as a proof of my success, I grew nearly sixty bushels on this principle, and scarcely a bad potato was to be found, although planted on heavy clay soil. They were the admiration of all who saw them; while others planted in the same garden without tan were entirely destroyed. As a further proof of the excellence of this remedy, I was resolved last year, by way of experiment, to try them on the same ground without tan, and the result was that nearly half were bad. I write this after three years' experience, which has proved most satisfactory. I usually had the ground thrown up in ridges about November, and I allowed it to remain in that condition until the first week in February, when the sides were chopped slightly down, and about three inches of old tan put in between the rows; the sets were planted whole, and covered with tan and a portion of soil. There is, likewise, another advantage, viz.: when the potatoes are dug, they leave the ground so clean, that they require no rubbing, which assists their keeping.—*E. Bennet, in London Mark Lane Express.*

Here is another proof of the virtues of *tannic* acid, which have been so harped upon. As a mulch in heavy soils and as a means of retaining moisture, and a covering for tender plants in winter, tan will no doubt be found useful. The effect produced above is unquestionably owing to the soil being kept light and freely permeable to the atmosphere, rather than any constituent of the tan itself.—*Albany Cultivator.*

High Price of Winter Pears.—Robert Thompson states in the Journal of the London Horticultural Society, that in January the scarcity of winter pears is such, that Jersey Chaumontels (an old but good pear) make their appearance, imported at the high price of not unfrequently *five pounds per hundred.* This is more than twenty-four dollars—or about twenty five cents each by the hundred. Would not an acre or two of winter pears afford some profit, if rightly managed? If four specimens sell for a dollar at midwinter, what would fine Easter Beurres bring at the opening of spring?

A Draining Plough.—The Mark Lane Express contains an advertisement and full description of a plough for sinking drains. The work is all done under ground—the ditch excavated and tiles laid invisibly, under your feet. The machine is quite complicated and expensive, but the owners advertise to lay drains better than can be done by hand, at one-third less expense. Could some such machine be introduced into this country, it would turn the attention of farmers to the much neglected, but very important business of draining their land.

Results of Draining.—It has been remarked, that "to apply manure to undrained land, is to throw money away," an illustration of which is furnished by a statement in the Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society, where seven acres of low, wet land, manured annually at the rate of twenty-five loads to the acre, produced thirty-one bushels of oats per acre; but after being thoroughly under-drained at a cost of about $60 for the whole, the first crop of oats without manure, was 89½ bushels per acre.

To Fatten Poultry.—Shut them up in the dark, gorge them with boiled food, and allow them a small quantity of charcoal daily. Every meal that a man makes on such food adds a nail to his coffin.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Guenon's Book on Milch Cows.—Mr. C. Harvey, of Chadsford, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, writing to the editor of the American Farmer, says:

Dear Sir—It has been about six years, I believe, since a book, called "A Treatise on Milch Cows," by Mr. Francis Guenon, was translated from the French by N. P. Trist, Esq., and republished in this country. It purports to teach a method of ascertaining the milking qualities of cows, by the manner of growth of the hair on the hind part of the udder and thighs.

The author asserts that not only can the good milkers be distinguished, by this rule, from the very bad; but that all the shades of difference can be thus ascertained with great certainty. Of course, allowances are to be made for differences in age, size, feed, &c. As there does not appear to be any natural connection between the milking qualities of the cows, and the growth of the hair on their udders, farmers and dairy-men, in this part of the country, were at first disposed to rate this as one of the humbugs of which this age is so remarkably prolific; which, I may remark, appear to bear, in numbers and impudent pretensions, about the same proportion to the number and importance of real scientific discoveries that they have done in any other age.

A brief examination and trial, will always separate the *grain* from the *chaff.* The false is rejected, and the true is accepted, to become, in its turn, a starting point for new discoveries.

Years of trial has sanctioned and vindicated the claim of Mr. Guenon to a share of that admiration and gratitude which is accorded to those benefactors of their race who discover important truths in science.

In the Eastern portion of Chester and Delaware Counties, are many extensive and fertile farms, managed by intelligent and skillful dairymen, who supply the Philadelphia market with fresh butter, milk, and cream. Of course the discovery of Mr. Guenon, would be of great value to them if true. Some of them commenced, with great *doubts*, and much secrecy, lest they should be laughed at by their neighbors for their credulity, to compare the "escutcheons" on their cows with the drawings in the book. This was testing the matter speedily and fairly, for every dairyman knows which are his best milkers. Soon their secrecy had another motive. It was to conceal this important knowledge from those who might become their competitors at the sales of cows. For, in every case, the escutcheons delineated in the book as good cows, was found to correspond with the natural marks on the best milkers in the herd. Further investigations have shown the "Guenon's method," as it is called here, is true in the minutest details. It has been thoroughly tested by many of our most intelligent dairymen and farmers, who, being actuated by no other motive than to advance their own interests, have given the subject a careful and candid examination. Every person who investigates the subject, becomes convinced of its truth and importance. Some of my neighbors have procured good herds, by buying the best marked two-year-old heifers, that are brought here in droves from New York and Ohio. The very best marked cows, are far from common, but as the escutcheon may be distinguished on the calf, the application of the rule to the selection of the heifer calves for raising, will give an abundance of good cows.

The mark is equally plain too, on the bull, and breeders are thus enabled to proceed understandingly in the selection of animals to breed from. In short, a well-marked cow in our section of country, will command from 30 to 50 per cent. over one not well-marked, yet in other respects of apparently equal value. Guided by the light of this valuable discovery, I have selected from the herds of C. P. Holcomb, of Delaware, L. P. Morris, New York, and elsewhere, a few superior marked Devonshires, Ayrshires and Durhams, for breeding purposes. Relying on the well known physiological law, that progeny resembles the parents, of both sexes, who correspond in this one respect, however much they may differ in others, I confidently expect to raise some choice milkers. In due time you shall hear the result of the experiment.

It is my intention to exhibit at the next agricultural exhibition in Baltimore, some well marked heifers and a bull, together with a crib or bin for hay, &c., such as is used in every well managed barnyard in our county, but which, I believe, is not in general use elsewhere.

Canada Thistles.—A few weeks since, we met a gentleman from Mamaroneck, West Chester county, N. Y., who said he had found a sure, simple, and *profitable* way of extirpating the Canada Thistle. We thought if we could find a sure mode of extirpating the thistle at some *expense* we should be glad, but when told that it could be done *at a profit*, we had lively visions of rank clover crops and tall wheat on many a forsaken lot. "But how is it to be done?" we inquired. "By cultivating the *Sun-flower* upon the infested spots," said Mr. Hall. He had tried it thoroughly, and the thistle refused to grow with the sunflower, a single year sometimes completely supplanting the former. Give it a trial, ye who are afflicted.—*New England Farmer.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 13, 8, 19, 11, 5, was a Grecian poet.
My 2, 18, 3, 13, 16, was a heathen god.
My 3, 10, 4, 4, 16, 5, is a carpenter's tool.
My 4, 13, 11, 20, 9, was a people in Greece.
My 5, 4, 21, is a North American animal.
My 6, 1, 8, 16, 5, is a mineral.
My 7, 19, 4, 18, is a tropical production.
My 8, 2, 21, 16, is an agricultural implement.
My 9, 15, 19, is a female name.
My 10, 5, 20, 13, was a Roman tyrant.
My 11, 2, 17, 2, 15, 2, is a British possession.
My 12, 10, 13, 11, 1, is a man's name.
My 13, 14, 6, 5, 17, is an adverb.
My 14, 8, 2, 10, 11, 12, is a country in Europe.
My 15, 2, 10, 11, 5, is an amusement.
My 16, 15, 12, 10, was a beautiful place.
My 17, 2, 8, 16, is what we all have.
My 18, 2, 9, 4, was worn in olden times.
My 19, 15, 2, 15, is a man's name.
My 20, 9, 14, 4, 12, is an implement of war.
My 21, 10, 9, 14, 12, is an article used at meals.
My whole is a character in one of Shakspeare's plays.
Tomahawk, Ala. L. D. D.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 11, 1, 9, 10, is a kind of tree.
My 7, 1, 9, 10, 3, 8, 6, is a foolish bird.
My 4, 8, 10, 5, is a farmer's implement.
My 5, 2, 12, 11, is a man's name.
My 3, 5, 5, 4, is a beautiful animal.
My 9, 12, 4, 11, is a very useful plant.
My whole was a President of the United States.
Galena, Ill. W. F. W. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We all have my first;
And many my second;
With my third there are few to compete;
But without my whole,
Whether coarse or fine,
Your wardrobe would ne'er be complete.
Columbus, Ohio. R. R. F.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What great singer of the present day does a very thin man resemble? Ans.—Alboni. (All Bony.)
☞ Why does a vessel lying in a stream resemble Jenny Lind giving a concert? Ans.—Because she is anchored. (Encored.)
☞ What household article does a railroad conductor's dog resemble? Ans.—A car-pet.
☞ Why is Virgil's greatest work like a baker? Ans.—It is Eneid. (It knead.)
☞ Why is that which no one doubts like a strong knot? Ans.—It is a certainty. (Certain tie.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Literary Acquirements.
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Discovery of Gold in California.
CHARADE.—Whimsical.
PROBLEM.—29 Days.

Epistolary Intercourse.—In general, I must say these regular correspondences between friends are rather a mistake. Indeed, I have a theory of my own about them, which I will impart to you—namely, that one begins with a certain definite amount of regard and affection for a person, of which one gradually writes off small portions as one writes each enforced letter to him or her, till, at last, though the beginnings and endings grow more intimate and affectionate, the original affection has wasted away.

My little boy, after writing a letter to a playmate the other day (and you know what work of legs, and arms, and tongue children make of writing), threw the pen down with some impatience, and exclaimed, "When I grow up, I shall write no more letters." Ah, my little master, thought I, when you come to that age of joy and freedom, as you suppose it, which you call "growing up," you will know some things you don't know now; and, amongst them, appreciate this endless punishment of letter writing. Often I think, what a jovial thing it must have been to have been as ignorant as a baron in the middle ages, and to have been capable of nothing but a rude cross in the way of a signature.—*Arthur Helps.*

☞ A countryman going into the Probate Office, where the wills are kept in huge volumes on the shelves, asked if they were all Bibles. "No, sir," replied one of the clerks, "they are testaments."